CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

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CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

Carola Woerishoffer

Her Life and Work

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Published by the
Class of 1907 of Bryn Mawr College
1912

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INTRODUCTION.*

WHEN we attempt to set down the social symptoms of our day we must include the Revolt of the Young Rich. All over the land it is going on—a questioning of the fortunes laid in their hands, a resentment at the chance for a life-fight of their own taken away, rising passion of pain and indignation at meaningless inequalities and sufferings. They are not taking it out in talk, at least not all of them. An increasing number are offering themselves for actual every-day service, and offering themselves in humility as learners. Such a one was a young girl, Carola Woerishoffer by name, who four years ago suddenly appeared among the social workers of New York City. She had come "to learn and to help," she said.

A few months ago she was suddenly killed, like a soldier at his post, in the discharge of

* To appear in the *American Magazine* for July, 1912.

her self-imposed task of learning and helping. Brief as was Carola Woerishoffer's term of service, it has left an impression whose significance those who now sit bewildered by the seeming meaninglessness of her death will surely in time more and more fully realize.

The girl came into the social work of New York City direct from Bryn Mawr College, where she had been graduated in 1907. She was not one of the many girls who are sent to college. She was one of the few who go because they want its training for a special self-chosen undertaking. "Helping to improve social conditions" was the work she had set for herself—not probably in those words, but certainly in their spirit. It was entirely logical that she should have this ambition. It was in her blood and it was one of the strongest influences of her childhood associations.

Carola Woerishoffer was the grandchild of one of the rarest and most useful women this country has produced. "A woman great without aiming to be so," they said of her at her death—Anna Ottendorfer—to whose courage and intelligence the country owes one

of its most fearless and liberal newspapers—the *New Yorker Staats-Zeitung.* Left a widow with six children in 1852, Mrs. Ottendorfer, then Mrs. Uhl, assumed the full management of the young daily, which she and her husband had founded, but not yet developed to a profitable point. It is said that when she had settled the bills of the week following Mr. Uhl's death, she had sixty-eight cents left! But she had vision and courage. She refused to sell the paper. She took the full management and rapidly made it both profitable and powerful.

In 1859 Mrs. Uhl married Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, who was then an editorial writer on the paper. From that time the two shared the responsibilities of the enterprise and together made it the great institution it is.

One of Mrs. Ottendorfer's daughters, Anna Uhl, married a banker famous in Wall Street for daring and successful operations, Charles Woerishoffer. To this couple were born two girls. The younger of them, Carola, was born about the time of Anna Ottendorfer's death. She grew up in a circle alive with

memories of her grandmother's goodness, her understanding, her innumerable efforts to make life more tolerable for the weak and the poor, more beautiful and more significant for everybody. She was thrown much, too, with Oswald Ottendorfer, a man of the highest principles and ideals, and saw and heard in his circle all of the great political and social leaders of the day.

The child had the great advantage of being brought up by a mother of extraordinary ability and character. She had to undergo a training both broad and thorough. Absolutely devoted to the general interests of society, Mrs. Woerishoffer was for years an advocate of measures that would seem advanced today; she was a constant believer in effective labor legislation and in a progressive income tax. Social questions were to her a matter of supreme importance, and stewardship of wealth was practised and not preached, for there were few that equaled Mrs. Woerishoffer in quiet generosity. Thus the child grew up with the idea that the problem of life is the problem of service.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER AT THE AGE OF THREE

She responded fully to traditions and atmosphere. She was open-minded and open-hearted. She feared no one. She was insatiable in her curiosity and her love of adventure. She was full of passionate enthusiasm —a fiery patriot—a worshipper of every one who "did things." In the little collection of souvenirs which those nearest to her have gathered since her death, is a *carte de visite* photograph taken when she was perhaps five years old. The vigorous little figure, the small, proud head, the fearless, challenging eyes are not things to forget. Here is a child, a glance tells, whose respect would be an honor and whose love a treasure, one whom you would not attempt to wheedle or deceive, one to whom you would not lie. The wise would be humble in her presence—the foolish uneasy.

She always knew quite definitely what she wanted. At nine years of age, seeing a portrait of Miss Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr, in a gallery, she hung before it, refusing to look at anything else and telling her mother, as she left: "When I grow up I am

going to Miss Thomas's school." And this resolve she carried out.

Miss Thomas tells us that she has reason to believe that all of the girl's work from the start was chosen for the bearing it might have on the social work she hoped to do later, and she added: "Her curriculum of study, as it is written on our college records to-day, is the very course I should recommend above all others for social workers."*

She did what is called "good work" in college, but it is the personality that counts in the group, not this or that bundle of achievements. Definite purpose and creditable scholarship are not unusual. Unfettered judgment, contempt for precedent, fearless expres-

* "She combined philosophy and economics as a group and elected in addition all the advanced post-major economics, politics, and psychology that could be taken by an undergraduate. She even took as an auditor graduate psychology, and did five hours a week of graduate psychological laboratory work. Her great talent for languages, which showed later in her power to talk to immigrants in their own tongue, gave her advanced standing, and she offered 130 instead of the required 120 semester hours for her degree. She used to say that she had to work hard at all other college subjects, but in spite of this, in her chosen field her work was always of high credit grade."—Miss Thomas.

sion, openness to every intellectual wind that blows—these are unusual, and these Carola Woerishoffer had to a degree that startled, horrified, interested, or thrilled those who came in contact with her according to their individual outlook.

It was not to her studies alone, by any means, that she turned her vigorous attention. She was eminently a lover of life, of people and things doing. As an athlete she was famous—probably the strongest and most daring swimmer the college ever had. She was a spirited horsewoman—good at all games, most ingenious and energetic in college pranks of every sort.

When she graduated from Bryn Mawr she merely transferred from that milieu to lower New York her purpose, her habits of study and observation, her frank judgment and fearless conduct. She brought there, too, what was perhaps the strongest thing in her, a passion to depend entirely on herself and to be judged by what she, the individual, Carola Woerishoffer, could prove herself to be. It is rare indeed that a person is found

so unwilling to allow a name and inheritance to work for her. She wanted nothing, no recognition, affection, or position which she suspected of coming to her for any other reason than for what she herself was or might be. It was this passion of hers, in my reading of her character, which made her so unwilling to depend in any way on her wealth. Carola Woerishoffer was rich, very rich, I believe; that is, she had entirely in her own hands an annual income of many tens of thousands of dollars. She was utterly unwilling that this money should work for her. What she had in place and in influence she wanted to earn.

Thus it was that she, who because she had a fortune which she intended to give where it was needed, might have had practically any position which she desired at the start, refused all positions save those in the ranks where the hard work is done. She wanted to work it out, she said; learn by doing it what she was best fitted for—decide what would be for her the most effective point of attack. She wanted, no doubt, to take by actual contact her own measure of the undertakings already

in operation in the town and no less of the workers themselves.

The first intimation of the kind of help they were going to get from the newcomer was in 1908, when the first Congestion Exhibit was planned for New York. It is said that the French were beaten in 1870 in their own territory because the Germans knew the country they were to fight in better than those who owned it! There has been many a social battle lost in New York City because the well-intentioned fighters have never realized that the first point of success is to know the lay of the land. The Congestion Committee had undertaken to give the city of New York a lesson in its own social geography. It was a new idea and money was skeptical. It looked as if the exhibition might fail when Carola, whose quick intelligence had seen the awakening that might come from putting boldly before the city its own waste places, its hidden horror spots, its needless waste of life, came to the rescue.

"She made that thing possible," Mr. McAneny, President of the Borough of Manhat-

tan, says; and he adds: "She taught us at the City Hall that there were things that the city had long neglected, that the city ought quickly to take up, and the city has taken up many of those things. I can tell you that this girl has led the city of New York to do things that will last for many and many years, and will continue to grow and to expand."

What she learned through the Congestion Exhibit and through other organizations, each in its own way trying to get at and correct some evil or other, seems to have intensified her desire to get to the bottom of things. It was this eagerness which led her to offer to go herself as a worker in the laundries of the city in order to get for the Consumers' League the facts it needed for an investigation it had on hand. She, of course, knew nothing about the processes of the laundry, nothing of washing, drying, starching and ironing, nothing of mangles and ringers and jiggers. Moreover, her appearance was against her, for she had all the marks of her breeding and her full life. She went at the undertaking quite simply and

practically, attempting no disguise, but dressing "poorly" and acting as unobtrusively as possible. Only in one case did she use influence to get work; that was at the beginning, when, because she feared her ignorance might prevent her getting a "place," she obtained through a friend "a job as a learner on collars." After this preliminary instruction she trusted to answering advertisements, and although she changed at the end of every week unless she was thrown out earlier by fault of her incompetency, short work, or some conflict with authority, she never was without work for more than a day during the full four months of the summer of 1909.

The report of what she learned in this experience is in the hands of the Consumers' League, but if any one thinks to find on the face of it much about Carola Woerishoffer, he will be disappointed. He must read between the lines to see her at all. Then he realizes that she put in four months of as hard and trying labor as any man or woman could give to a cause.

As she was determined to shirk nothing,

she was regularly at her tub or mangle or feeding machine at 7.30 A. M., and whenever the work demanded it she stayed on into the night. There were no provisions for seating in the long work period, frequently the rooms were practically unventilated, always more or less stifling from steam and damp. In some places she found neglect and uncleanliness adding to the disagreeable features inevitable in the industry. She worked days over unguarded machines, where the girls told her cynically: "You didn't get burned to-day or yesterday, but you sure will some time, every one does." That she must have suffered often disgust, pain, and fatigue is certain, but she makes no record of it. It is only by accident, indeed, that one learns that she was conscious that it was a hot summer! She is telling in her scrupulous, restrained way of the ventilating provisions in the different places where she worked: "In one place where the investigator dipped shirts in hot starch at a break-neck pace," she says, "she was first struck when she went out to lunch by the coolness of the day. That night she discovered that the ther-

mometer had registered 96 degrees in the shade!"

The entire naturalness of her attitude towards her fellow workers, her apparent unconsciousness of any differences between her and them, made it possible for her to fall at once into friendly relations. She was one of them. Dozens of little comments like the following show this: "Upon entering a new place the investigator found, as a rule, a spirit of friendly interest and of cordiality, expressed occasionally in the accepted formula: 'Say, you got a feller?' 'Sure; ain't you got one?' 'Sure.'"

Or take this: "One of the ironers was eager to tell her past pampered life as a cook 'off Fifth Avenue.' 'Sure, an' it was a fine time I had there, but,' she added with a sigh, 'it was there I met me misfortune,' 'And what was that?' some one asked. 'Me husband,' said she, and then explained how it was through his illness that she had been brought upon her present arduous days. 'Standing on your feet nine hours a day five days in the week when you are well on in life is no joke.'"

Her strict control of herself and the easy terms she fell into with the girls gave her a reasonableness towards the work and an understanding of how and why they as a rule accept cheerfully and as a matter of course its hard conditions. That is, understanding and not emotion ruled her investigation. One has to read closely between the lines to realize that there was a stern, passionate little judge turning over the facts she was gathering. Mrs. Florence Kelley has told of a talk had with Miss Woerishoffer in which she bared her soul as she rarely did. I suspect what Mrs. Kelley saw was what was driving her throughout her four hard months.

"One day Carola came to my office," says Mrs. Kelley, "and said, 'I hope you have not been to lunch; I hope you are going to take me, because if you do not I shall not have any. I undertook, when I began working in laundries, to find out as nearly as I could how it would feel just to have the amount of money that I could earn with my strength, without skill, and now I have been dismissed for taking the part of an old woman in a scrap with

the foreman. If I were a real laundry worker I should not have any money until next Wednesday.'

"We went to lunch at one o'clock," continued Mrs. Kelley, "and she talked to me until about five, almost uninterruptedly, about the perfectly needless hardships of the people among whom she worked. I do not think she knew at all what she was eating. I do not think she realized when we walked back to the office. I do not think she knew that it was five o'clock, until the cleaners came to close the office. She talked all those hours, perfectly absorbed. I have been haunted by that conversation. I have thought of it innumerable times, and the memory of her is always the memory of an unsmiling young face, of one absorbed, aflame with the passion of living and changing the things that ought to be changed. I cannot imagine saying anything that day that could possibly have made her smile. She had not learned to write. She had written some notes about this work which she wanted published, and we went over them again and again. She was afraid they would not be ac-

curate, afraid they might exaggerate, and when she finished they were so literal in their statement of facts that they did not present the picture at all. The fear halted the action of her mind, that it might seem that she was trying to set down these things too dramatically."

Spirited, adventure-loving, eager as she was, she had great capacity for humdrum work, if she realized its need. That is, it did not require the excitement of an investigation like this of the laundry to keep her at work. At Greenwich House, the social settlement, under the direction of her friend, Mary Simkhovitch, where she lived when her own home was closed, as it was much of the time, she was always ready to help, whatever the task. First and last she did a great deal of routine work in the Women's Trade Union League, which she had joined when she first came to New York. Miss Marot says she could always be depended upon to address envelopes, serve on committees, canvas for the label, distribute circulars, or do any other odd job at which the officers, all of them her friends, needed help.

It was not until the shirt-waist strike of the fall of 1909 that she had an opportunity to show what her loyalty to trade unionism really was. It will be remembered that at the very start of the strike the police had begun to arrest the girls generally, and in many cases for practically no cause. It soon became evident that unless bail could be furnished at a moment's notice, hundreds of young girls would be thrown into jail for indefinite periods. The courts demanded real estate security, and there was a great hurrying to and fro among the officers of the League for help. Carola at once set out to relieve the situation. Her mother co-operated with her, and for $1.00 transferred to her daughter real estate to the value of $75,000. There was a sensation in the courtroom when she appeared with her $75,000 bond and made it known that she would remain in court as long as the strike lasted and would see that the girls got fair play.

Her success in escaping newspaper notoriety at this time was amazing. "There she was," says Helen Marot, "by all precedent the

heroine of the hour, a romantic personage, her bond a veritable fairy wand, releasing the girls from the dreaded confinement of prison walls and evil association. But Carola's integrity was greater than her romanticism. Before the first day was over, by sheer force of character she had turned the attention from herself to the strikers. She even disarmed the girls in their expressions of gratitude. She did not do this by protestations, but by her own tremendous interest in the strikers and in that for which they stood. She even performed a superhuman feat with the press, and without exception every reporter sacrificed an opportunity to turn in 'copy,' and copy which every reporter knew would have first place and several days' run. They took from her instead stories about the strike, and during the thirteen weeks she promised and gave them material, telling them that if they published her name they would never have another story from her."

Her position as bondsman did not end with the shirt-waist strike. From that time to the time of her death she was appealed to

by striking unions—box makers, cloak makers, cordage workers, tailors, white goods workers—to go their bond. She let it be known where she could be found day and night, and never refused a call at any hour. Her experience in the shirt-waist strike made her realize the need of a fund for emergencies in time of strike. "Don't you think it would be a good thing to have a strike fund started?" she said casually one day to Miss Marot; "I have received an unexpected dividend and will make the first contribution." From her tone, Miss Marot thought that her contribution would be possibly $500. She handed her a check for $10,000. It was with that check that the Strike Council was organized and incorporated, with the purpose of anticipating strikes of employees in trades where there are women workers.

While unstintingly giving personal effort in bailing out striking men and women and organizing strikes, she appreciated that the strike method, however necessary at present, is at best refined barbarism, and that governmental regulation is essential to secure and maintain

fair conditions of working. She admitted to a friend only a week before her death that she was anxious to work for the wage and industrial commissions which would determine with impartiality and for all workers what are fair conditions of working and fair pay for work.

This intense grappling with things as they are in New York City, her incessant turning over in her mind of what she was, always with the fixed purpose of getting at causes and of finding the best point of attack, led her to throw herself eagerly into new undertakings which her judgment approved. It was in the service of one of the newer efforts of the State to prevent injustice that Carola Woerishoffer lost her life—the Bureau of Industries and Immigration founded in 1910.

The knowledge she had gained at first hand of the exploitations of ignorant newcomers in the country had convinced her of the need of better inspection and fresh legislation, and she gladly accepted a place on the Bureau staff as a special investigator. Her interest and her activity soon were centered on studying the conditions in the colonies and camps

of foreigners, particularly in the country. These settlements are scattered, frequently in wild and isolated places. Visiting them is difficult and expensive work always, and often really dangerous. Miss Woerishoffer attacked the problem with indomitable energy. That she enjoyed both the difficulties and the dangers is unquestionable. She had the spirit that carries a soldier into battle, and it rose with the fight. Driving her own machine, often unattended, she scoured the country where the laborers were gathered, finding out facts of all sorts. No exploiting "boss" could escape her. She saw where the weak place was at a glance, and her suggestions for immediate relief, as well as for preventive legislation, were always worth considering. Indeed, in the opinion of Frances Kellor, Chief Investigator of the new Bureau, the policy which the State has already inaugurated is largely due to Miss Woerishoffer's "splendid courage, energy, and endurance, her sympathy, generosity, and unselfish devotion."

It was in this service, as I have said, that she lost her life. That she overworked per-

sistently all her friends knew, though her endurance was so remarkable that they had ceased to remonstrate. In September of 1911 she was inspecting labor camps near Cannonsville, New York. She had gone to work at six that morning, had stopped at noon, only to eat a sandwich, and this she had been doing for days. For the first time in her life the friend with her heard her say that she was tired. She complained that her wrist seemed too weak to control her car. The road was wet, and at a bad turn, when the car was at low speed, the wheel skidded and the car went over an embankment, burying her beneath it and injuring her so seriously that she died the next morning. "The State has had no enrolled soldier," says Miss Kellor in her report of the first year's work of her Bureau, "who has responded to every call more promptly, who has performed the duties set him more unflinchingly, or who has given his life more utterly in the field of battle than she in the cause in which she believed."

Soldier is the word for her—a soldier of a new type, but a type which, unless all the

signs are wrong, is to multiply and increase. Carola was a revolting soldier—one who refused the weapon those in authority put into her hands, refused the place in life they wished her to take, refused to march in the way they ordered her to go. The rich, who are humans, have approved methods of what we call philanthropy. They are founded on the belief that poverty is ineradicable and that relief, not prevention, is their chief duty.

Carola broke with this view of social service and with all its machinery. Its aloofness offended her deep, warm sense of human brotherhood. I believe it was nothing but an extraordinary consciousness of the oneness of man that enabled her to do the work she did in the way she did. She could move among men without consciousness of class. One of the most extraordinary evidences of a genuine democratic spirit that I have ever come across was the fact that she worked for four months in the steam laundries of New York side by side with girls and women of all nationalities and colors, joined them in their lunches and recreations, got from them confidences of

every sort, and yet never but once was the question of her "belonging" raised. Once, and once only, a girl did say to her, "You are different. You do not belong here."

Another point where she could not follow her class was in using the emotional appeal which has served reformers and philanthropists so exclusively in the past and which unquestionably is one reason why we have never gotten farther in preventive work. She would have none of it—"gush" was her abomination. She had a reverence for facts quite unusual among men and women who seek to help. Her contention was that unless we know in cold figures—in personally verified observations—what the conditions are, we can never know the true point of attack—the laws and regulations necessary, the instruction necessary, the relief necessary.

The control of her emotion, which she exercised in her investigation and discussion, her openly expressed disdain of those who allowed themselves to be carried away by their feelings, was often set down by those who knew her but slightly to coldness of nature.

But I do not believe it was a lack of sensitiveness or scant power of emotion which made her the stern little Spartan she was. It was rather an early realization that those who do things must learn control. I fancy she resolved very early in life to subdue a nature which those who remember her in childhood declare to have been extravagant in its demands for affection and in its sensitiveness to the opinion of others.

She sought to be just as she sought self-control. One of her friends told me this story: Carola desired greatly to be made the secretary of a certain organization in whose work she heartily believed and to which she had already promised a large sum. She believed herself fitted for the place and so did several of the leaders in the movement. But for some reason she was not appointed. She was greatly disappointed, and her friend thoroughly angry. "Promise," he said, "that you will give nothing to them." She looked at him quietly—"Oh, very well," she said, and went away.

The next day she found her friend again

in good temper. "There was no use in my arguing with you yesterday," she said. "You were angry and unreasonable. It would be silly not to give money to an organization that does good work simply because they do not happen to like me."

Her attitude towards money was singularly indifferent. As I have said, she refused utterly to trade on it; she wanted to prove that she had a value quite apart from that. Her joy was great when Miss Kellor appointed her to the Bureau of Immigration at a salary of $1,200 a year. She was worth something in her own right—a recognized producer useful to society. Towards this money she had a feeling quite different from that which she had towards the money that came to her in dividends. She kept it apart, and used it exclusively in buying presents for her mother or friends.

Her gifts were always secret. It was only after her death that the source of the $10,000 which helped the Women's Trade Union League so much in the fall of 1910 was known. Her gifts to individuals in trouble were unend-

ing and almost always anonymous. In her close contact with the very poor every day forced on her some situation where immediate relief was imperative. She used often to send money by mail to the person, no name attached.

She had a gift of friendship with simple people. After her death many letters came to her friends, telling of her kindness. One of the most beautiful tributes is in a letter from a Maine guide to her friend, Vladimir Simkhovitch. "It seems such a pity that Miss Woerishoffer should have to die," he writes, "she had everything to live for, health, strength, and beauty. Wealth with her did not seem to count. She was frank in speaking and absolutely fearless. I had formed such a liking for her on such a short acquaintance that it comes to me now as a surprise. I did not realize it until I heard of her death, and nothing has ever upset me so much since my brother Will was drowned in the lake."

There were many to whom, as to this simple-hearted man, her death brought the surprise of their own affection—more to whom it brought the realization of the meaning of

her life. Twenty-six fuller years are rarely lived. Rarely at such an age have purpose of method been better conceived, the attitude of mind and spirit more clearly manifested. She has set a pace for the new soldier, which the Revolt of the Young Rich is bringing into that most splendid of wars—the war on poverty and injustice.

IDA M. TARBELL.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING

HELD AT

GREENWICH HOUSE,

October 30, 1911,

IN MEMORY OF

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER,

PROFESSOR EDWIN R. A. SELIGMAN

presiding.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: Friends, in opening these memorial exercises to-night we are tempted to reflect for a moment as to what a memorial meeting really means. We are apt, I think, often to form a false conception of such an occurrence. A memorial—what does that really mean, except to strengthen our memory of someone, to commemorate someone? Yet especially in the case of those who have stood for something in the world, who have accomplished something notable in daily life, an added memorial is really not needed.

For our memories of him or of her are strong, they abide with us, they are real. The true memorial is not the coming together of a few friends to do them honor, it consists of the things which they themselves have accomplished. Still I think we all feel glad that so many of Carola's friends have appeared to-night and have come to this place, above all others, where indeed her real life was lived and her real work was carried on.

There are so many who will speak to you to-night of her varied activities, that it remains for me in this word of introduction only to call attention to those qualities of Carola Woerishoffer which impressed themselves most strongly upon me as the President of this Greenwich House.

I remember when she first came to us, with her little modest, shrinking way, and how many of us were at the beginning a bit doubtful—not knowing her, of course—as to whether we should find in her a real acquisition. We soon learned that modesty was only one of her characteristics, and that there was combined with that quality her most fundamental trait,

a trait so rare in a young girl as to call for special mention. I should say that that trait was her grim determination to do what she thought was right under the circumstances. Many a time, not only in our board meetings, but in various activities outside of the board, I had occasion to judge of that quality, and to see how through thick and thin, through good and evil days, she insisted upon doing what she deemed right. And, finally, friends, I should signalize not only this modesty and this determination, but also what is perhaps not so unusual, but still, carried out as it was in her case, a rather rare trait, —love for the expression of the social spirit.

Of course it is a platitude to say that many young women of to-day, who, had they lived in the Middle Ages, would have found a chance for expressing themselves in the nunnery and in the convent, now find their chance in the settlement, in the neighborhood house. I also love to think of Carola Woerishoffer as one of those who in other times would have led, as she was begin-

ning to lead with us, not only in this endeavor to express herself, but in the struggle for social uplift, and the struggle for social justice. And so it is, friends, that when I speak of her those beautiful lines of Kingsley come to my mind, the lines which are so familiar to you:

> Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song.

Now, friends, I shall ask the speakers of the evening to say a few words. First, if he will kindly come to the front, Mr. McAneny, President of the Borough of Manhattan.

Hon. George McAneny: Dr. Seligman, and ladies and gentlemen: You have given me the opportunity to speak here for the city of New York. I do so necessarily without official formality, but I believe that if it were possible to carry to every man and woman in the city of New York the story of Carola Woerishoffer's life, and of its meaning, of the things that she has done for the people about her, things that will live on and forever, I believe that they would give me a commission as

formal as one might wish to speak to you tonight in their name.

I shall not speak of some of the things that others will treat of. I shall not speak of the preliminary training and experiences that shaped her inclinations, gave her her equipment, and made her the force she was for efficiency. I shall not speak of those personal traits, of which, though I knew something, the closer friends of Carola Woerishoffer will treat, but of what she did for the city of New York I can speak, and speak with authority.

She kept alive, in a sense, a certain tradition of public service in a race of women of whom she was one. We love still to remember the name of Anna Ottendorfer for what she did here in New York; and the name of this girl's mother, Anna Woerishoffer, for what she has done. In her own way and in new ways, and always finely, Carola Woerishoffer has, as I have said, kept this tradition fresh and full of meaning. Though not of the blood, she was of the spirit, too, of Oswald Ottendorfer, whose place in our citizenship meant so much to us.

Coming to us as she did, or coming back to us as she did, from that place of strength and of beauty, Bryn Mawr,—the work of which, I am glad to see, she has pressed onward in what she has done—coming to us with an unusual equipment and full of enthusiasm, she lost no time in finding her place. She proceeded very soon to do those things which, I am sorry to say, when done by women are not always fully praised—to do great things in the life of this city, passing herself and leading others constantly through ennobling experiences. She found her place readily, and what she did with it too few know. Perhaps few of those who are here failed to know, and what I might say of her here will fall upon ears familiar with her story. But placing herself at once in touch with that part of the life of the city that most needed service and development, accepting for herself tasks that were unusual, that one might have believed beyond the possibility of such a young life and at such a time, she worked out problems intimately affecting the life of the working people, and won for them, through her sacrifice, improvement

in law and in practice. Where will you find another of her young years who has done a thing like this? She finally gave herself into the service of the State as one of its inspectors, feeling, as Dr. Simkhovitch has said in his beautiful tribute recently paid, that here was her "earning capacity," the salary of that trifling office, trifling in its title, although great in its power and significance. Her earning capacity, her value to this community, was immeasurably greater. Why stop to attempt to analyze it, to appraise it?

I remember,—if I may touch upon one or two of the things that she did that I know about personally,—I remember the night that the Congestion Exhibit was opened in the American Museum. We were with her that night at a little dinner, at which Governor Hughes was present, and in that little group we talked over the plan that was about to be ventured there. We went with her to the Museum. I shall never forget the glow, indeed the gleam, of her whole expression, quiet to be sure, but full of satisfaction and enthusiasm and of knowledge too, I am bound to

believe, of the great good that this thing was to bring about. She made that demonstration possible, and out of it has grown a program of social work, backed and financed by the city, of which we know to-day only the beginning. She continued to take her part here in this splendid work, a living and breathing and resistlessly active part. I can tell you that this girl has led the city of New York to do things that will last for many and many a year, and that will continue to grow and to expand and to represent the beautiful things for which she stood, more than I could attempt to portray to-night. So let me again bring the tribute of the city to the memory of this young citizen, to offer it from my own grateful heart, and, I believe, representing a grateful city.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: We shall be glad to hear next from Miss Thomas, of Bryn Mawr.

PRESIDENT M. CAREY THOMAS: As I am anxious to make the best use of my time, I am going to ask you to let me refer from time to time to my notes.

We have come together in this intimate

company of friends to pay our tribute of love and admiration to Carola Woerishoffer. We can do little, so little, in the face of such a loss, except express for ourselves and for each other our gratitude for her brief life and our grief for her untimely death.

I sometimes think that those of us who are in touch with the young life that flows through the colleges of our country can see farther than others into the future. Coming changes in thought and action begin to stir the hearts and minds of the young men and women in college, like the ripple of a coming wind that sweeps across the ocean, long before they manifest themselves clearly in the outside world. The scientific discoveries of the last half-century have taught us that our human race can be scientifically improved, that we need not sit down hopelessly under the stupendous weight of crime, misery, and impossible conditions for the next generation. The passionate interest of the students now in college who will be the leaders of thought in the future centers on those studies that deal directly or indirectly with these social questions. Courses in econom-

ics, politics, sociology, psychology, biology, heredity, eugenics, are crowded by eager young men and women whose life work is to be social reconstruction and civic betterment.

I sometimes think that we college teachers are like watchmen on lofty turrets, who catch the first flush of dawn in the eastern horizon, and I feel very sure that the work of the generation now in college, the work of the generation leaving college, is to be in this field of social betterment.

Eight years ago Carola Woerishoffer entered Bryn Mawr College, already touched by the flame of this vision of helping to improve present social conditions. I am told by one of her intimate college friends that she had always thought of doing this, and that all her college work was chosen to this end. She realized that her intellectual powers could best be trained by the most strenuous courses requiring the hardest abstract thought. Her curriculum of study, as it is written on our college records to-day, is the very course I should recommend above all others for social workers. She combined philosophy and

economics as a group, and elected in addition all the advanced post-major economics, politics, and psychology that could be taken by an undergraduate. She even took as an auditor graduate psychology and did five hours a week of graduate psychological laboratory work. Her great talent for languages, which showed later in her power to talk to immigrants in their own tongue, gave her advanced standing, and she offered 130 instead of the required 120 semester hours for her degree. She used to say that she had to work hard at all other college subjects, but in spite of this, in her chosen field her work was always of high credit grade. She was even then a power to reckon with. She impressed her teachers, and she impressed me, as a commanding personality possessed of great initiative and originality. She was almost abrupt in her intellectual independence. Her classmate, Comfort Dorsey, writes me—and I want to read in Comfort Dorsey's words this tribute, which I think is a very remarkable one paid by one fellow-student to another: "Those of us who came under the spell of that brilliant

and powerful personality will always feel that to have known her was a privilege of incalculable significance. She was indeed a figure to fire the imagination—sound of body, of incredible physical endurance, and with such a mind—so clear, so receptive, so vigorous, so unfettered by convention and tradition! There was no company like hers. Others might be more sympathetic perhaps, but where would you find such originality, such audacity, such range of vision, such penetration? And as for her humor, which was indeed the fine flower of her whole personality, who can forget it? Meredithian in its subtlety, Rabelaisian in its robustness, manifesting itself now in a childish prank, now in the keenest satire." Of course her great abundant vitality was a very wonderful thing to me. Her mother told me that she wondered whether Carola could ever be tamed sufficiently to live any life, and when Carola graduated from college, Mrs. Woerishoffer asked me to come and see her, in order that she might thank me for taming Carola. But so little was Carola tamed that when she was a senior—it was just before

she graduated, I believe—she passed by the swimming pool and saw a sophomore, looking rather self-sufficient, on the brink, and as quick as thought, she knocked the sophomore into the pool; and that was a sample of one of her pranks that had a worthy object. "She had a fine scorn of the obvious, of pretense, of sentimentality and affectation. She enjoyed life in college in the fullest sense. Study, athletics, friends, all shared her interest. In athletics she won great distinction. She was a conscientious and interested student; in fact, she used to insist that she worked harder than any of us."

As I look back on my memories of Carola Woerishoffer in college, I see her on the margin of the swimming pool, splendidly athletic and vigorous, diving straight as an arrow, and distancing all her competitors in the swimming race. She was absolutely brave and fearless, both physically and mentally. In every talk I had with her, I was impressed afresh by her keen intelligence and her great reserve power of independent judgment. Sometimes in chapel when I saw her face light up at some

announcement that pleased her, I realized how enthusiastic she might become in a good cause, but it was not until a year ago, when she told me in her trenchant, repressed way of her study of the conditions of woman laundry workers in New York, that I fully understood how great a leader in social reform she was destined to become. At that time she had not yet found herself. The evolution of a great personality is very slow, but in her case it was very sure. She was, as I saw her, entirely without self-seeking and truly modest. At Bryn Mawr we try to be democratic and not to know which of our students are rich or poor. When her mother wished to give the college a graduate scholarship for the study of Teutonic philology, Carola asked her to conceal the name of the giver until she herself had left college, lest her classmates should know she was the daughter of a rich woman. Of her own wealth they were wholly ignorant. Her gift of $5,000 to the new gymnasium after she had left college was anonymous, and her great gift to the endowment fund of the

college of $70,000 was also anonymous as long as she could possibly keep it so.

Great causes that are to command the life-long devotion of men and women seem to create for themselves great leaders, and I think I am not saying too much when I say that it is the loss of one of these great leaders in the making that we have come together to commemorate to-night. We are absolutely sure that her life would have been spent in magnificently efficient social service. Her brave and gallant spirit will lead the way for others to follow in her footsteps, even if at a long distance. Her death, just as her long years of apprenticeship for service were ended, is one of those great mysteries which we cannot solve. We can only be sure that the joy of faithful preparation for service must be its own exceeding great reward.

Carola Woerishoffer has made Bryn Mawr College the great gift of $750,000. I saw the will just before I came to this meeting. It is left entirely without restriction, and we feel that she has left us a great trust and also a great responsibility. We hope to use this gift

to broaden and strengthen our work, to improve the teaching, and it means more efficient training for generations of college girls.

In the presence of this little company of friends and mourners, people who loved Carola, I should like to accept with profound gratitude this great proof of her loyalty and faith in the College. On behalf of the Directors and Faculty I venture to promise that the Carola Woerishoffer Endowment Fund will be used in a manner worthy of her who gave it, and that we shall always bear in mind first of all the strengthening of those courses of study which we believe—and her own life of social work went far to confirm this belief—will best fit our students for the service of their kind. We hope to be able to associate her name and memory in a lasting manner with such teaching.

Of all forms of earthly immortality, it is perhaps the best and most enduring to live on in the lives and in the hearts of college students. If it is possible to build on earth a prototype of the heavenly house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, it is surely

possible in connection with a college like Bryn Mawr. Such an immortality of remembrance and gratitude will be given to Carola Woerishoffer by the Directors, Faculty, Alumnae, and present and future students of Bryn Mawr College.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: I should like now to call upon one of Carola Woerishoffer's teachers, my colleague, Professor Henry R. Mussey, of Columbia.

PROFESSOR H. R. MUSSEY: As settlers traveling across our western plains in the early days sometimes halted for a sacred hour of thoughtfulness and thankfulness at the spot where a beloved comrade had fallen, so have we paused to-night to think for an hour of the comrade who marched with us, with shining face steadfastly turned towards the land of promise, the land of justice, the land of larger life. We gather in gratitude for the daughter, the friend, the student, the worker without weariness, the dreamer without illusion. We come not to praise, for praise she would not desire; not even to speak of her, for from such speaking she would shrink. We

come to think quietly of what she was and what she did, to take up the torch that has fallen from her hand, to do better the work in which she had already wrought so well, to cheer and encourage one another in the age-long war against unfairness and meanness and ignorance.

Perhaps you will expect me to speak of her as a student. That is impossible. She was by nature pre-eminently personal, individual,—not merely a student, an athlete, an investigator, a worker. In everything that she did, it was a great personality that stood out. It was so when I first knew her in college; oftentimes in my classes, although she was always perfectly courteous, she seemed to be an entire infinity distant in thought. It was perhaps the consciousness of a larger life within which gave to her that independence and distinction, that joy in untrammeled life for its own sake, that apparently reckless disregard for the ordinary and accepted thing that was so puzzling to the people who knew without really knowing her. It was a great soul looking out on a world of little things that they

found so mystifying, and so far as I know she always was more or less of a mystery to most of her teachers as well as her fellow-students.

"Mentally unsafe" was the characterization I once heard of her from one of the keenest members of the Bryn Mawr Faculty. It is a characterization so incomplete as to be utterly ludicrous. She was a person of personality so large and of life so vigorous that she was accustomed to think and feel and act always in terms of life as a whole, not in accordance with any little formula neatly worked out for her by someone else. Was it a fault? I do not know; perhaps it was, mentally. This I do know, that to a person so completely alive as she was in thought and feeling and action, nothing else was possible. That was the only way in which she could live, and those of us to whom life tends to become perhaps a mere desiccated intellectual process may well be grateful for the refreshing touch of such a personality.

Her interest, in college days, was not chiefly in books, but rather in the world of things and of men. A jolly evening with per-

sonal friends, unusual and worth while, a game of hockey, a ride on horseback, an early Saturday morning trip to New York to see the mother whom she never forgot, a quick response to any demand for inconspicuous service,—those were the things that we associated with Carola Woerishoffer in college. They were the interests, not primarily of the scholar, but of the humanist, the really social being living, thinking, working. If her books served her, she used them; if not, she cast them aside without apology and without regret, preferring to think and to live her own way through, so it seemed.

It is on this account that college to Carola Woerishoffer was a thing to be enjoyed, but in no special sense a preparation for what was to follow. The future laid on her no greater weight of responsibility than the past did of regrets. She was living the life that was given her to live, playing the game that was given her to play; and so it was that every day the cup was drained, and the next day it was overflowing again. Every morning that spirit of unfailing youth, baptized with new

life, went forth to pour out its riches of delight and unconscious service.

That was the Carola Woerishoffer that we knew in Bryn Mawr. In college and out she was always the same, always living earnestly her own life, vigorous, eager, unfettered. On that account her life is not in any true sense incomplete. A tornado uproots a young tree and lays it even with the ground; its life ends, not in incompleteness, but in beauty and perfectness. So is it with this life; we mourn its passing, but not its incompleteness.

And may it not be that where she was weaving in the great web of our complex social life, our hands may take up the threads that have dropped from her fingers? May it not be that where the shuttle of time was playing back and forth with but a single pair of hands to catch up the broken strands, there will be a dozen, a score, a hundred, to take them as they fall from her fingers? The worker passes, but in the ongoing work she shall find deathless immortality.

"I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." It is

our friend who speaks to us. Life through the truth, the bare, rugged truth, truth that must be known, no matter how deep it cuts into cherished ideals and habits—so she lived. Life through love and good cheer, through hope and faith that look forward to a better day, a nobler life in which no back will be bowed with a burden too heavy for it, no woman's heart will ache with needless suffering, no man will mourn for what he might have been but was not because the walls of poverty shut him in—for that she worked and thought and dreamed, this dreamer without illusion. Life through simplicity, good cheer, and friendliness—thus she served. And so, as we take up our march again, it is with courage and good cheer; for she summons us on. Her feet are on the heights; her voice sounds the call to life and service. A myriad of comrades shall answer, "We come."

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: We have heard now from Carola Woerishoffer's college teachers. We shall now have the pleasure of hearing from her school teacher, Mr. Croswell, the head of Brearly School.

Mr. James E. Croswell: Those who remember Carola in her babyhood remember her with love and grief, and although in one way I feel an outsider in her grown-up life, yet in the name of that love and grief, I thank you for the opportunity to say a few words of farewell here.

I too should speak, as all have spoken, of her personality. As I have heard one word after another this evening, I have felt that though I knew her as a very young girl, I could have told you every single thing in advance that these friends have said. Her faithfulness to duty, her honor, and her curious affectionate vitality were all there at school, and the proof of it is a strange proof, which teachers will understand. Generally in remembering our pupils we think of them as we last saw them, grown up and in all their power. But when I hear Carola's name I think of the little girl as I saw her first. Her teachers remember her as a person, even in the baby they first saw. At once she made her impression on us.

The picture I have of her at school is of a

little grave face, already more definite in line and significant in expression than is usual for a child, a little well-knit figure moving about the school in search of her duty; in search, I should say, of what she thought was her duty, for she chose, at ten years old, what she would do and what she would leave undone. I see her eyes, not without gayety in them and yet curious, searching eyes, looking to see what the world contained and to make up her mind about it.

Personality is a difficult word to define, but Carola made that impression of personality in her earliest years; and thus I think of her. Carola was a person at ten years of age, full of honor, not only honor in the ordinary sense (all cheating was far beneath her), but she had also that higher honor that school girls do not always know. She had no care whatever for making a good impression, which thing is the commonest temptation, it seems to me, of little women. She was a good citizen, but careless of fame. School teachers know what I mean, school teachers know the attractive girl, and school teachers also know the

girl that "works the teachers," as girls say. Such things were far beneath her; I speak of them only for a background to that beautiful figure, who was with us a few years and then went her way, who left behind her in her school love and hope for her; and for whom hours of speech would not satisfy me to tell all the good that we thought of her then and since. Of all which she thought so little.

Carola was a dutiful person; dutiful toward her work, but perhaps in her tender years more fond of study as an achievement than as an end in itself; dutiful toward the society she found at school, if she chose her friends there rather definitely to suit herself. But she gave us all loyal work and loyal friendship. From the beginning of her short journey, her path was straight, her step was steady. When she left us she left among us warm love and very distinct regret—that the full unfolding of her rare personality was not to be completed in our sight. Alas! This regret abides most poignant now.

The last time I saw her she came back to her school to do a kindness to a friend of hers.

I tried to tell her how proud we were of what she was coming to be. Here among her friends I need not say that she took not the slightest interest in all that, but I tried to tell her. I told her she was an honor to her school, to her girlhood's school. I told her I hoped for a long life for her. I would have told her that she would be in all our eyes one of our dearest, as she was one of our most devoted, intelligent, and successful graduates. I wanted to say more than this, but how little it all amounted to, and now there is no farewell.

In what words can I say farewell? Depart, depart, little friend, on "the ancient paths to the place whither our fathers have departed." "Throw off thy imperfections, and go to thy home." Let her depart "among those who by meditation have won the victory, among the heroes who have fallen in battle, among those who have given their lives for others, among those who have given their goods to the poor." These words are from a Sanskrit hymn that I teach my girls when I teach them the history of India. To them I teach it as an ideal, which they may perhaps

realize. May I consecrate it to-night to Carola, who has realized it so much?

Life is hard; if it were not for such people as the words describe, it would be impossible to live, but the messengers of Heaven come, they come by the banks of the Ganges, they come even in New York. There are such people in this room now as the great hymn describes. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, and of such was Carola.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: After listening to Carola's teachers, it is perhaps time to hear a word from those who represent the wider social interests which enlisted her sympathies. I shall call first upon Mrs. Kelley, Mrs. Florence Kelley, whom you all know, connected with the Consumers' League and the Congestion Committee.

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY: She was so honest and so modest, it was a wonderful thing to work with her a little while. We were together on the Congestion Committee a long time before I even knew that she was a member of it. She did her work so modestly, going out into the congested places and gath-

ering the facts that no one else had the patience and the courage to gather, and furnishing them where they could be used and could tell their own story; and then paying up the deficit (which we were never without), and always paying that as modestly as she gathered her facts, and never in any way coming to the front and getting credit, or wanting it. She was burning with indignation at the things that she saw, and not very well able to express that indignation, aglow and eager to do more and more to change things as they are. It was a very wonderful privilege to work even a little while with her.

After I knew from other people what I had not learned in being on the same committee with her, of her modest ways of doing work, an enthusiastic friend who had undertaken to raise one hundred thousand dollars in memory of Miss Anthony and was having a hard time in her undertaking, came and begged me to enlist some of the young people whom I had suggested as possible members for a finance committee of the American Woman Suffrage Association.

I asked a little group to my office, and my friend set forth her undertaking and its momentary failure. Carola sat there perfectly impassive, without the slightest expression on her face. The other young people responded variously, and my friend began all over again to explain to her the merits of woman suffrage. Then Carola said, very simply, "Oh, I am a district leader where I live. You do not need to explain that to me." None of us there had known that she was a district leader, or that she was doing the arduous and wearisome work that the City Party lays upon its district leaders; she had never mentioned it to anyone, although we knew her well by that time. It was characteristic of her way of working. I do not know whether she ever sent a check to help on that hundred thousand dollar fund. I do not believe anybody ever would know; it probably would be sent in such a way that no one ever could know about it, except the woman whose burden was lightened in raising that memorial fund.

One day Carola came to my office and said, "I hope you have not been to lunch;

I hope you are going to take me, because if you do not I shall not have any. I undertook, when I began working in laundries, to find out as nearly as I could how it would feel just to have the amount of money that I could earn with my strength, without skill, and now I have been dismissed for taking the part of an old woman in a scrap with the foreman. If I were a real laundry worker, I should not have any money until next Wednesday. My credit is good for everything but luncheon, and if I were a real laundry worker I should be fixed like that; I should have to take the luncheon that somebody gave me."

We went to luncheon at one o'clock, and she talked to me until about five, almost uninterruptedly, about the perfectly needless hardships of the people among whom she worked. I do not think she knew at all what she was eating. I do not think she realized when we walked back to the office. I do not think she knew that it was five o'clock, until the cleaners came to close the office. She talked all those hours, perfectly absorbed. I

have been haunted by that conversation. I have thought of it innumerable times, and the memory of her is always the memory of an unsmiling young face, of one absorbed, aflame with the passion of living and changing the things that ought to be changed. I cannot imagine saying anything that day that could possibly have made her smile.

She had not learned to write. She had written some notes about this work which she wanted published, and we went over them again and again. She was afraid they would not be accurate, afraid they might exaggerate, and when she finished they were so literal in their statement of facts that they did not present the picture at all. The fear halted the action of her mind, that it might seem that she was trying to set down these things too dramatically.

When we did really get the truth expressed, I think it is not too much to say that life has been made a little better for some thousands of young and old workers in the laundry trade, but I am quite sure there is the same cause, only a little mitigated, and

mitigated only in some of the laundries, for that same flaming passion for changing what needs to be changed.

I did not see her very much after that. When I did, she was so blunt in her frank criticism of the things we were leaving undone that, when the door opened and I looked up and saw that young figure, it was always an accusing young figure. She came to ask why we had not done something more effective, why we had not been quicker, why things were not getting better more promptly, and why more people were not enlisted for work, why we were not successfully stirring more people to change these things.

I think I have never known anyone so free from the feeling, "Now I am making a contribution; I am working hard and things are going to be better because I am working hard." She worked harder than any young volunteer that I have known; I mean, she did harder things, working in a laundry, when the place was so intolerable that on going out into the street with the thermometer at 96, it felt like a cooling blast; and working in that way,

she had none of the satisfaction of the self-congratulating persons of whom we meet so many.

She was so honest and so modest that it was a test of everyone who worked with her, and now that she has gone, it seems to me that we are, all of us, whoever had the privilege of working with her at all, immeasurably richer, because she existed,—she and another young woman, Elizabeth Butler, who also did immeasurably hard things, and who also left us forever this summer; they undertook so simply the things that to us of my generation seemed a moral adventure, a wonderful undertaking,—these young women took them in such a matter-of-fact way. It did not seem to Carola an adventure to go into laundries any more than it did to Elizabeth Butler to go into the depths of blackest Pittsburgh. The things were there, and we had to know about them, and it was all matter-of-fact, just as it would have been for an able-bodied man to go and look at things and come back and tell the world what it bitterly needs to know about them. It was all matter-of-fact for

them, and I believe they are forerunners of new generations of women who will insist in their youth on knowing life as it is, on facing the world clear-eyed, and changing these things which we in my generation, in our youth, shirked and preferred not to know. That kind of shirking and preferring not to know is never going to be possible, I think, after this generation of young womanhood.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: I shall now call upon a representative of a movement which for some time had enlisted Miss Woerishoffer's warm support, Miss Marot, the Secretary of the Women's Trade Union League.

MISS HELEN MAROT: We represent here to-night a selected group of Carola Woerishoffer's friends and a few co-workers. I shall always regret that when we came together for commemoration her personal friends had not the opportunity of meeting the great body of her co-workers, numbering many thousand.

If in the time allotted to me I could give you a picture of her in her relations with the trade union women, you would realize as I do that in her we have lost a force that was

making for a new era—from which the provincialism of class distinction would be absent. There has developed a movement in the last quarter of a century which recognizes that social progress is impossible while society is divided into water-tight compartments and classes of people remain ignorant of other classes. This movement undertakes to break down these compartments and to establish intercommunication and understanding. It is a natural outcome of social evolution and a conscious effort in the direction of democracy.

But Carola Woerishoffer was too much of an individual and a democrat to establish with any person or group of persons self-conscious relations. All whom she honored with her friendship knew that they answered in some degree certain requirements. She was the champion or friend of groups of people on the same basis. And her primary requirement of individuals and of groups was good-fellowship and courage. It was these two qualities that drew her to the organization of trade union women. Fellowship and

courage are put to a supreme test by the trade union.

There is no such tragedy in the world to-day as the tragedy of losing a job. The woman or the man who without an economic margin lays down her tools for the sake of a fellow-worker; who pays out of her scant wage a weekly tax in support of the movement to raise the standard of living for the workers of the world; who for the same purpose takes part in meetings after a long day of work, and rises early next morning without sufficient rest to begin another day;—such a woman to Carola Woerishoffer was answering the supreme test. Where else in the world is found so high a test of fellowship—where else such courage? With characteristic modesty she became the friend and co-worker of these women. There was no effort in the relationship,—she was kindred, for good-fellowship and courage, moral, intellectual, and physical courage, were her own distinguishing characteristics.

By way of illustration, I will cite an episode in her four-years' work with the trade

union women. You will remember that, in answer to a call two years ago for a strike among the shirtwaist makers, thirty thousand women laid down their tools and for thirteen weeks suffered exposure, hunger, and arrest. It became evident by the third day of the strike that unless bail could be furnished at a moment's notice, hundreds of young girls would be detained for hours, many for the night, in jail. The courts demanded real estate security. With characteristic directness Carola Woerishoffer set about securing the necessary bond. Her mother co-operated with her, and for affection and one dollar transferred to her daughter real estate to the value of $75,000.

There was a sensation in the court-room when she appeared with her $75,000 bond, and when it was learned that she would remain in court as long as the strike lasted and would see that the girls got fair play. There she was by all precedent the heroine of the hour, a romantic personage, her bond a veritable fairy wand, releasing the girls from the dreaded confinement of prison walls and

evil association. But Carola's integrity was greater than her romanticism. Before the first day was over, by sheer force of character she had turned the attention from herself to the strikers. She even disarmed the girls in their expressions of gratitude. She did not do this by protestations, but by her own tremendous interest in the strikers and in that for which they stood. She even performed a superhuman feat with the press. Without exception every reporter sacrificed an opportunity to turn in "copy," and copy which every reporter knew would have first place and several days' run. They took from her instead stories about the strike, and during the thirteen weeks she promised and gave them material, telling them if they published her name they would never have another story from her, but if they would be good, she would keep them well supplied.

The return the girls made was to her a much better one than expressions of gratitude. They came up to her own high standard of good sportsmen. Not a girl whom she had bonded failed to reappear in court, though

for many it meant almost certain sentence to the much-dreaded workhouse. Through her force of intense interest in the girls and her admiration for their truly marvelous courage, she left no room for interest in herself or her own part in the strike. Without personal or class egotism, her valuations were instinctively true. But her integrity of mind compelled her to analyze her actions and her valuations. Her actions, therefore, had the double force of instinct and reason.

For the Women's Trade Union League her loss is irreparable, and as the weeks go by, we find it more and more difficult to work without her sustaining force.

There are as many ways of life as there are people, but there are also ways on which the people divide and on which they come together.

Carola Woerishoffer's way was not one of the prescribed ways; it was her way. As a departure it was interesting and refreshing, but the strength of it lay not in the fact of its non-conformity, but in its truing up to fundamental things.

Her non-conformity was the effect or result of her truing up. She had very little use for people who tried to be different from others for the sake of being different. She had little use for props of any kind, for dependence on outside forces for the extension of personality or individual power.

Everyone comes into life surrounded by props, some, possibly all, of which have at one time served civilization and have helped to free people from bondage. We find theologies, social position, wealth, and even poverty offering itself as a chastened form of piety. We find new political faiths and new philosophies. Carola Woerishoffer had adopted no one of the props in their old or new forms. She had regarded all with intense curiosity. She was still regarding some of them when her life was cut off, but some she had rejected.

It is quite a simple matter to reject formal religion, conventional moralities, or political creeds; but it is rare to find a man and even rarer to find a woman who can disconnect herself from the economic or social environ-

ment to which she is born. Even though she herself regard these as unimportant, she finds that others, in their valuation of her, persist in taking seriously into consideration her social and economic setting. She may have every impulse to get outside of her environment and stand on her own feet, but she finds herself entrapped, she finds the world leagued to keep her in place.

But Carola Woerishoffer broke these chains and forced her way out. Out where? That is the marvel, that was Carola. It was not out in open space to be wondered at for her achievement, but down into the crowd where she was with the many—only one. We have a name for such people. In acclamations and pretensions they seem to count by the hundreds and thousands. But we hesitate to give the name of democrat to Carola Woerishoffer, whose likeness we cannot find among the usurpers of the name. She never called herself anything, and we need not name her faith, for she lived it.

It is a fair certainty that those of us who have not possessed wealth or social position

and have never been tested would use it as the majority use it who have been so endowed. We might not use it in dissipation or as though it were ours by right. There is an increasing number of people of wealth who generously acknowledge and conscientiously observe social obligation in the use of their wealth. We find also a large number of people of wealth who not only in the shape of gifts return their fortune to the use of others, but who give their lives to relieve suffering. There is indeed a fair number of people who give at once their lives and fortunes to changing the social structure, so that wealth in its making will be distributed among all who produce it, and not accumulated in the hands of a comparative few. Among those who give simply in the spirit of charity or those who give to movements which stand for a new economic order, there is a marvelous amount of "quiet giving."

But there is a very strong conviction, especially among ardent contributors to movements for economic reforms, that they should use their money so as to increase their per-

sonal influence in the cause for which they stand. That is, it is their theory that they not only enrich their cause by giving their wealth, but that through the very power of their wealth they are given opportunities for a hearing and a position of strength. As I understood Carola Woerishoffer, she took no position against any theory of giving; but her faith in the strength of relationships of man to man, based on the power of each to hold his own, was too deep, too strong an element in her nature to make it possible for her to allow artificial forces to play a part. The claim that one should be grateful for the opportunities which wealth and social position had given and use them to the uttermost she answered in her own way. Her way was to separate her wealth from herself and return it through channels created to serve the people, and then to count in a cause for what she herself was worth and for no more.

Modern philosophy judges of theories and creeds by their results. The result or effect of Carola Woerishoffer's position is to make men and women who will through the force

of character contribute to the progress of the race.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: Among the many organizations with which Carola was connected is the Association for Labor Legislation, which especially of late was enlisting her warm sympathy. I should like to have its President, Professor Seager, say a few words now.

PROFESSOR HENRY R. SEAGER: Mr. Seligman, ladies and gentlemen: Among the causes in which Carola Woerishoffer was interested, I believe that none will feel her loss more keenly than that of labor legislation. I do not mean by this that up to the time of her death she had identified herself very much with this cause. She was a member of the Executive Committee of the New York Association for Labor Legislation and a generous contributor to its treasury, but she had not yet given much of her time or thought to the details of its work. I mean, rather, that in her plans for future work labor legislation promised to take a leading place. As a result of her experience with different phases

of the labor problem, she had come to the conclusion to which so many of us have come, that wise and well-enforced labor laws are fundamental to labor reform in the United States. Because of this conviction she was favorably disposed to the proposal that had been made to her that she accept some official position in the New York Association for Labor Legislation, and at the time of her death negotiations were actually in progress having such a consummation in view. Had she lived, I believe that to-day her work would have been devoted largely to the cause of labor legislation. Not that she would have devoted herself less to her other interests, but that she would have regarded labor legislation as central to all the different kinds of work on behalf of wage-earners in New York with which she concerned herself.

My acquaintance with Carola Woerishoffer was of that irregular and hurried sort that comes to fellow-members of numerous committees. I first heard of her as the savior of the treasury of the Congestion Committee, on the eve of the Congestion Exhibit that was

held some years ago. That committee, as committees are apt to do, had made plans beyond its financial resources. The time of the exhibit was approaching, and it was vitally important that more money be available to make the exhibit the success which it finally was. It was in that emergency that Carola Woerishoffer—I cannot say came forward, because she never came forward, that was not at all characteristic of her—quietly stepped into the breach and helped to make the exhibit a success, and a great success. At the time that did not strike me as an unusual phenomenon. Those of us who have been concerned with social work have become rather accustomed to the sight of a young man or a young woman of independent means, fresh from college, taking up some special cause, and contributing to it very generously; but, unhappily, also very briefly. The thing that impressed me about Carola Woerishoffer was that to her mind this gift of money was of slight moment; that to her the important thing was the personal service that she could contribute to the exhibition, and that she wished

all of those associated with the work to look at the matter in the same way, to feel that the important thing was the co-operative service that all of us could give, and that her money was a mere convenient means to this end, not to be exaggerated, and not, by any means, to be allowed to distract attention from the end itself. I learned later that that attitude of mind was characteristic of her in all her activities.

She had almost a contempt for the amateur, or if that is putting it too strongly, at least she would have had a contempt for herself if she had been willing to remain an amateur. She felt very keenly the obligation upon her to make herself an expert in connection with the different kinds of social service that she was eager to render. It was that motive that led her, in the summer of 1909, to devote many weeks to actual labor in some sixteen different laundries, from three days to two weeks in each one, finding out just how that work was carried on. I happened to hear of that activity, because a little later, in the autumn of that year, the

New York Commission appointed to inquire into employers' liability and other matters, of which I was a member, held a hearing in the City Hall to learn about the causes of industrial accidents and the possible means of preventing them. For one in Carola Woerishoffer's position, planning to come before a State Commission, it would have been very natural to make some arrangements in advance. One in her position might be expected to have a secretary, to have it announced in advance that she was coming before the Commission, and have something of a ceremony made of it. Or if, from distaste for publicity, that policy were not pursued, one might expect that some deputy would have been sent before the Commission to present the information, while the person who collected it remained in the background. Neither of these policies was possible for Carola Woerishoffer. She had not deputed to another the task of finding out the actual conditions in laundries. She felt it part of her duty, having acquired that information, to come herself before the Commission and

tell them what the facts were. On the other hand, it was quite out of character for her to arrange a ceremony in connection with this appearance before a State Commission. She came quite simply and alone, without any announcement. And but for the fact that I had had the pleasure of meeting her before, no member of the Commission would have appreciated the significance of her appearance, and the evidence, the valuable evidence, that she was able to present might not have had the effect that it should have had. But that was Carola Woerishoffer's way, to do the thing simply and directly, unostentatiously, and to do it herself.

I find that in my thoughts the leading impression which Carola Woerishoffer's brief term of social service here in New York City has left is the same that Miss Marot has expressed so vividly. Here was a girl who had every temptation, every inducement, to follow the conventional lines,—youth, attractiveness, wealth, everything to lead her away from social service. That on leaving college, on leaving the economic and sociological lecture-

room, she was filled with the generous desire to do something for the unprivileged classes was perhaps to be expected; that is becoming a common thing. The remarkable thing about Carola Woerishoffer was that this desire seemed to crowd everything else out of her mind. I have never known anyone who seemed to be consecrated with such singleness of purpose to the various kinds of social service to which she devoted herself. The attractions which appeal to all of us, and appeal especially strongly to persons of wealth, seemed not attractions for her. The conventions, which make it so difficult for a girl, and especially a girl of family and of position, to throw herself into social service, seemed hardly to exist for her. From the time she left college and, from what has been said this evening, apparently even before she went to college, she had this consuming desire, this seeming call, to devote herself to her fellow men. And it is that fact, that this life was consecrated to the service of her fellows, that her large wealth was not an obstacle to this consecration, but rather a means to render

it more effective, that gives point to our meeting together this evening.

As in her life, so in her death the service of her fellows was her chief concern. On that day when death overtook her, she was not in the pursuit of idle pleasure. She was engaged in the inspection of labor camps, to which she devoted a very large part of the summer. A soldier in the army of social service, it was her privilege to be struck down on the firing-line. She died in the performance of her duty. May her memory be kept sacred in this Greenwich House, which she loved, as a lesson and an inspiration to all of us.

PROFESSOR SELIGMAN: It is not fitting, friends, that the exercises be closed to-night without our hearing from one who represents her second home, Mrs. Simkhovitch.

MRS. V. G. SIMKHOVITCH: If Carola Woerishoffer can be called most fittingly a knight errant of industrial democracy, then Greenwich House was her castle. It was from Greenwich House, as from her second home, that she sallied forth on her quest. Greenwich House was the matrix of her

endeavor. It was her custom to come to us whenever her mother was abroad visiting her grandchildren. During these periods she was working with other organizations. But not only did she find time as a member of the Board to inform herself as to every branch of the work of Greenwich House; not only did she give generously toward the support of Greenwich House, but she was always ready to give emergency help of a personal sort. In ways unknown to others, she often lent personal assistance.

Her primary quality was an extraordinary energy that invested mind and body. She had the gallantry of spirit that regarded work as play. To take work lightly was a matter of decency and good taste with her. She loved a good time. But a good time never meant for her the parasitic pleasures of the idle and ease-loving, but the arduous and tireless efforts of a flaming personality, ready both to work and to play to the limit. She liked strife, turmoil, noise. She enjoyed her tiny front room in the settlement, where she could look out upon the street and hear everything happening in it.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER WITH THE SIMKHOVITCH CHILDREN

She loved things in the making rather than the finished product. She deeply loved New York and its upheaval, its crudeness, its sense of power, its heterogeneous character, its giant strength. She enjoyed the sense of freedom that has so much in common with energy. It pleased her that as a state employee she earned as large a salary as any of her classmates.

Intimately bound up with her vital energy was her personal dislike of luxury. This was not a matter of theory with her. On the contrary, I have heard her defend luxury in itself. She simply did not care for it. It burdened her. She liked the food of the delicatessen shop. She could sleep with perfect comfort on any or no bed. She liked violent exercise. During the torrid summer, when she worked all day and every day in the hot steam laundries, she would rise early in order, at six o'clock, to play basket-ball before she went to work. She was interested in aviation, and she told me that she intended to have an aeroplane as soon as one was made that would comfortably hold three persons, so that there could be some real conversation! How false

would be the idea conveyed of her extraordinary vitality, if it should appear that this was physical buoyancy alone! Here is where one begins to see that combination of opposites that makes up a powerful personality. Carola, the water-polo player, the swimmer and basket-ball player, was the constant reader not only of Kipling, as one might anticipate, but also of Job, of Ibsen, of Meredith, of Arnold Bennett. Indeed, she was well read in the literature of many countries and times. This is something of a surprise, I do not doubt, to those who knew her but slightly. Here was true culture, a culture that used books, but did not regard the printed word as anything sacred in itself. She never paraded her culture, as she never paraded any possession. For to this spirit, with its fundamental note of energy, of life, Reality was the one quest. Anything that spoke of sham she despised. Flattery, pomposity, solemnity of appearance and manner, pretense, she hated. Sentimentality, pride of culture, façade of any kind, she saw through. She never wished others to accommodate

themselves to her, nor did she feel it necessary to accommodate herself to others. She wanted each person to express himself freely, and yet with her keen common sense and shrewdness she came to see that the quest for reality does not exclude the necessity for compromise which has a real value, provided it be an honest compromise and not a subterranean pretense behind which lurks a moral surrender. Her mind was essentially pragmatic. She had no use for abstractions the elements of which she had not personally verified. She asked only this, to understand experience as she met it. She was distrustful of all those generalities which we justly term glittering. For so mighty a matter as reality itself she could not accept the version or the testimony of another. It was this search for reality more truly than the spirit of adventure which led her into her gallant but hazardous investigations. She was doubly attracted to these occupations. Not only did the desire to meet the real always appeal to her, but her resolve to do the work at the bottom was putting into practice her conviction that no one has the right to a position

of power and responsibility who has not won his way step by step. Her instinct, her German instinct, if you like, was for *Gründlichkeit,* for efficiency—not the cheap imitation that by its own proclamation labels itself efficient, but the efficiency that can claim to know because it has itself journeyed the whole long, toilsome way. I remember on one occasion that she was asked to allow her name to be presented as a candidate for membership in a State Commission. "No," said Carola, "I haven't earned it yet."

If energy was her primary quality and reality her quest, comradeship was the medium in which she found her own highest expression, and hence was the medium which she craved and demanded for social life as a whole. This was the essence of her democratic faith. She had no belief in any rigid economic formula which would magically sweep away all difficulties—but she believed in comradeship. She was not a good comrade because she believed in comradeship but, being a good comrade, experiencing comradeship, she knew its larger values. Here, as always with her, reality alone

carried conviction. For comradeship, what is necessary? A common understanding, a common outlook. Democracy is the political expression of comradeship. It is impossible without it. No reform, no revolution even, can effect democracy unless it is based on, knit up with, comradeship. The great illusion that cooperation or democracy can take place on the grand scale without preparation and training was never hers.

It is with this central thought in mind that we find the key to her personality. With her resistless vitality, in her quest of reality, the life of comradeship unfolded itself to her. She lost herself in her friendships with absolute loyalty. She saw that a life worthy of being lived must be lived in close association with one's comrades. Wherever she found this element, therefore, she found values. In trades-unions, in the growing sense of solidarity on the part of labor, in the struggle for the enfranchisement of women, in all these and in other forms of association she saw the comrade element, the value of which she not only intellectually perceived but personally realized.

It was from this angle that she believed in the settlement. The possibility of bringing the neighborhood together as a unit, that the settlement offers, and its constant reaffirmation that neighborliness is not only the end of democracy, but also its beginning, appealed to her as the logical and sensible way of working out a truly democratic city life.

It is not possible in considering her capacity for comradeship to omit reference here to the delight that Carola had in her association with children. She had a gift with children. She sided with them in their perennial struggle against their restraining elders. Always a comrade, she shared their point of view, often upsetting discipline quite purposefully and gleefully. "If I marry," she told me once, "I hope I shall have a great many children."

It would be impossible here to enumerate her varied interests in connection with Greenwich House. Of prime importance she held the neighborly relationships, without which the settlement is meaningless. Next she was interested in political education, the creation

of skepticism in the minds of young men in regard to politics as they are to-day, with the hope of arousing an interest in the social aspects of political life. The Italian, and especially the Italian woman, she longed to see conscious of an American future as citizen and as industrial worker. The energizing effect of sport she valued and furthered. Her administrative sense was strong. Careless herself in regard to detail which could be neglected, she yet had a sense of proportion and of values which made her ruthless in going at once to the heart of difficulties. Better the knife than slow decay.

Thus equipped with energy, devoted to reality, and buoyed by comradeship and by a belief in America as the coming home of comrades, the spirit of Carola Woerishoffer grew rapidly. To some of us it is given to believe that this dauntless spirit is still engaged in her quest, in ever finding new reality. To others to whom this is not possible, it is good to be certain that her life was not spent in vain, but that everywhere young women on the verge of life's struggle are going to meet

it more gallantly, inspired by this example. To us who are older this visitation of death has meant a clearing away of many mists, with a new view of what the values of life really are.

I began by saying that Carola came to us at Greenwich House as to a second home, and I want to close by stating that if she so regarded it, so did we. The place she occupied no one else will fill. We miss this striving, vital, planning, buoyant, gallant girl. She will flame up brightly in our memories till we, too, shall meet the great adventure—Death.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

IN MEMORIAM*

On Sunday, September 10, at four o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Woerishoffer, accompanied by Miss Dunlap of Greenwich House, met with a fatal automobile accident. She was at the time inspecting labor camps near Cannonsville, N. Y. The accident was not due to speeding. The car was going less than twelve miles an hour, but the road was bad. The wheels skidded over a mud puddle and the car went down a high embankment. She died on the morning of September 11, at twenty minutes after eight, surrounded by her Greenwich House friends, for whom she called immediately after the accident. She died in the performance of her duties as an officer of the State Labor Department, talking to the last of her work.

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We may call it an accident. So we may call the death of a soldier in the front line of battle. In the warfare of humanity she always chose the most advanced skirmish line, and there she claimed the most hazardous post. Her working as a laundress with unguarded machinery during the hot summer months in New York, from early morning often till long after midnight, her investigating suspicious employment offices, which involved hiring herself out as an immigrant servant girl, her investigating labor camps on the long and lonely roads—all this filled the hearts of those who loved her with fear and apprehension. But to our pleadings and entreaties she had but one answer: "Someone has to do it, so what is the difference?"

Of herself she was utterly unconscious. The value of her life she never understood. She was different from most modern women. To many of them work is a means of self-expression, a pedestal on which to stand. Nothing could be more opposed to every instinct of Carola Woerishoffer's. Anonymous service

was the sole aim, and even the word "service" was never uttered, because it smacked so much of cant. She hated cant and phrases of any kind. The usual lazy talk about "ideals" was not much to her taste; yet an incident that happened six weeks before her death throws light on her innermost self. An old gentleman who for the last fifty years has served the country in war and peace was very fond of Miss Woerishoffer, and he was one of the very few to whom she liked to talk about her work. One day, listening to her, he spontaneously exclaimed:

"What an ideal public servant you are, Miss Woerishoffer!"

The exclamation was unexpected; it was obviously sincere and genuine. Miss Woerishoffer flushed, her eyes opened wide, her lips parted. I have never seen her affected in a similar way. The spontaneous recognition of this upright old man, who had served so long and so well, struck the innermost keynote.

Miss Woerishoffer was twenty-six when she died. She was not a finished person; she was still in the making. Moreover, she would

not have been "finished" for many years to come. She was developing by leaps and bounds, growing like a giant. But the potential powers of the child were too great; they required life, facts, experience, to come to their full fruition and to adjust themselves. Her intellect was analytical and of the keenest. It never could surrender to a dogmatic statement nor be moulded by a phrase. One never could tell her "Do this!" or "Don't do that!" without telling her why. She required facts. But facts mean experience, facts mean life, which, alas, was not granted to her; and it was in the quest of the facts of life that she died. When she was a little child she was driven to school (she used to make the footman sit in the carriage while she herself sat on the box with the coachman). She was annoyed at not being able to go to school alone and unaccompanied. When she asked why she might not go alone, she was told that she might meet with some very unpleasant experience.

"But I want to meet a very unpleasant experience!" was little Carola's answer.

This remark of a child, properly inter-

preted, reveals the grown person. Her soul was yearning for experience. And if experience is in its nature very unpleasant, then she must know it and meet it and bear it on equal footing with those who cannot escape it. Some people may think that, after all, she found pleasure in the quest itself, that she found joy in the adventure incidental to her work. But in spite of an occasional amusing experience there was little pleasure in working the long summer day in a laundry, nor was there much delight in spending the night in a court-house bailing out strikers after a hard day's work. And only recently, on returning to her work after a short visit with Mrs. Simkhovitch, she wrote, "Oh, how I hate these lonely roads. Camping with you people is quite a different story from the Italian labor camps!" It was the only plaintive note that either we or any of her intimate friends ever heard her utter about her work. She was a soldier of the cross without ever admitting or even knowing it.

She was an independent spirit, eager and wide, an individualist and an individuality. When she was a child her mother took her to

the annual meeting of a charitable organization of which she was president. When she heard the assembled multitude voting "Yes" on every motion, little Carola could not contain herself any longer.

"Mother, can nobody here say 'No,' if he wants to?" she asked.

It was not a chance remark. It was again an expression of her personality. She would not say "Yes" or "No" because somebody else or because everybody else said so. She had to form her own opinion and find out the answer for herself from the facts of life. That is why, perhaps, she was especially interested in social science while studying at Bryn Mawr. Yet it was not her teachers alone, but her home surroundings as well, that led her to serve and to lead in the army of social advance. Her father she did not know. She was eight months old when he died. All she knew was that he built railways and loomed large in Wall Street. But she knew and loved her step-grandfather, Oswald Ottendorfer. She was constantly listening to political discussions. She was also very proud of her father's brother, who was

Germany's pioneer in both labor legislation and factory inspection. His devotion, his service, his integrity, impressed her deeply. In his footsteps she followed. She was influenced, too, by her mother, a woman of great character and intelligence, devoting her life to philanthropy, and utterly free from worldly aspirations. She was proud of her mother.

These surroundings laid an impress upon the child's soul, but her further development was from within. She was primarily born, not made; she was growing and expanding because she had to. Greatness, directness, straightforwardness, and unbending will-power were hers. She could not live and be otherwise. We older people who came to her as friends and advisers taught her little, but we learned much.

It is rather hard to give intimate illustrations of her character because she shunned publicity of any kind; but it is, unfortunately, necessary. I remember, for instance, quite an argument which we once had about a piece of work for which she was paying. We could not agree on the policy, and in the heat of the

argument I accused her of wanting to have her own way, because she was paying for it! The brutality of the remark I appreciated as soon as I had uttered it. She told me later that nothing could hurt her or insult her more than being accused of money-rule—because it was the sole and only thing in the world that she was always determined to avoid.

For individuals she did as much as for organizations. If she knew personally of a man, woman, or child who, in her opinion, was not having a fair chance, she saw to it that that person was given a fair chance. In all work of that kind she was extremely secretive and delicate. It was all arranged through others, her name never appearing in the transaction. It was in such circumstances that she showed a character that one could never know and forget. She actually taxed all her ingenuity to invent work for and give a fair chance to one woman who had turned out to be a disloyal friend, and another who disliked her and openly insulted her.

She was a Spartan in her personal habits. The only luxury she indulged in was the be-

stowing of rich gifts upon her mother and her friends. She regarded as her really earned income the twelve hundred dollars she received as her salary from the State Labor Department. But she was not a socialist, and misty socialistic phrases she regarded as unwholesome. She used to call those who uttered them "radical bromides."

Her attitude toward social movements and social work was keen, thoughtful, and realistic. While half-baked minds were straining to catch a new social thought, Carola Woerishoffer was devoted to and interested primarily in very old-fashioned neighborhood work—settlement work. If the industrial problem is the problem, then we must know the industrial family. If the immigrant threatens the American standard of living, then with the immigrant we must be intimate, and for this the settlement is especially equipped. Greenwich House was to her another home from which all her work radiated. She constantly had new plans for Greenwich House, which, with Mrs. Simkhovitch, she was working out, and for which she took the financial responsibility.

Her interest in industrial problems thus began with the life of the industrial family. In the conflict between capital and labor she took the side of labor. Not unaware of the shady sides of unionism, she was a fighting friend of labor, as was shown by her devotion to the Women's Trade Union League, of which organization she was treasurer. What she wanted for America were Lloyd George's policies, the introduction of modern German or English methods of taxation, adequate labor legislation, and the development of social insurance. It is therefore not surprising that it was Miss Woerishoffer who made the first Congestion Exhibit possible, as well as the subsequent work of the Congestion Committee. Miss Woerishoffer's hobby was the Label Shop (4 West 28th Street), where only goods with trade union and Consumers' League labels are sold. She was the president of the shop, and its success was to her a source of constant joy. She became director of the Taylor Steel & Iron Company of High Bridge, N. J., because she was interested in its desire to make a model industrial village of High Bridge.

Her interests were many, too many to enumerate here, but her purpose was always the same. She was changing, growing, developing, but always in the same direction. Too keenly is it felt by all of us who understood her that it is not within the powers of ordinary persons to express their understanding of her, to share it with the many. We can but hint at it clumsily, we can but illustrate it by petty anecdotes. To get a rough and crude picture of her one must first of all keep in mind her all-consuming desire to serve the American people—not vague humanity, mind you, but America; to keep this land true to its promise of a fair and equal chance for everybody. Add to this purpose a shrewd, keen, realistic mind, and courage and will-power inconceivable.

Let me illustrate her courage and will-power by an incident or two. When she was in college there was once a dispute about the serviceability of the old life-nets in case of fire. Miss Woerishoffer declared that the only way to find out was to test them. She got her friends to hold one of the nets, ran to the top of the dormitory, climbed out on the narrow ledge of

the highest window, and jumped. The net held her. When she was still a little girl her riding-master once happened to say that a good horseman, if thrown, would never let go of the reins. One day, when she was riding alone, the horse threw her. She remembered the riding-master's remark, and, although she was dragged half a mile, and was stepped on, she held the reins. Her forehead was scarred for life.

With a make-up such as hers it was difficult for her to tolerate the petty, the cheap, the cowardly, the snobbish. She loved with a great heart all the victims of society, but she despised those who sit with folded arms and lead a life of pretense. There was a great deal, a very great deal, of Ibsen's Brandt in her. Brandt, dying under an avalanche, asks the Lord whether it is not enough to give up everything, whether it is not enough to have will-power *"quantum satis."* The answer from above is, "He is *Deus Caritatis.*" This inner answer came to her during the last year of her life. She was growing in the direction of all-embracing, all-fergiving charity when

her heroic life came to an end, and time stood still. . . .

Follow after—follow after, for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own.*

VLADIMIR G. SIMKHOVITCH.

* These lines are the only lines we find marked by Miss Woerishoffer in her copy of Kipling's poems.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

IN MEMORIAM*

Among the alumnae of Bryn Mawr there is one whom she will ever regard with an exceeding affection and pride. Short though her life was, few, if any, have excelled Carola Woerishoffer in loyalty or in significant achievement. At the same time, however, her friends will fear lest Bryn Mawr claim too large a share in her daughter's greatness, and fail to recognize that there was power, there was courage, there was sagacity, which the college might enlighten and discipline, but never bestow.

Carola Woerishoffer is one of the few who can be said to have carved out their own destiny. Throughout her life she knew what she wanted, and, whatever it might be, she pursued it resolutely, tirelessly, even unscrupulously. How early she resolved to devote her energies

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* Reprinted from the *Bryn Mawr Alumnae Quarterly*, November, 1911.

to the improvement of social conditions I do not know, but it was some time before she entered college. College was, indeed, a step in the career she had planned for herself. For with a great enterprise and a great ambition went a great humility. Wealth she had, but she was shrewd enough to perceive that even wealth could not open a royal road to the goal she had set for herself. She must have training, the best, the most thorough, that could be had. So it was that she resolved to go to college. And she had her way.

It would be difficult to convey to one who did not know her a notion of how different she was from the ordinary run of girls entering college. She fell into no type or class. She was, to use her own words, an experiment. Many of her fellow-students will remember her as eccentric and unapproachable. But those of us who came under the spell of that brilliant and powerful personality will always feel that to have known her was a privilege of incalculable significance. She was indeed a figure to fire the imagination, sound of body, of incredible physical endurance, and with

such a mind, so clear, so receptive, so vigorous, so unfettered by convention and tradition! There was no company like hers. Others were more sympathetic, perhaps. But where would you find such originality, such audacity, such range of vision, such penetration? And as for her humor, which was indeed the fine flower of her whole personality, who can forget it? Meredithian in its subtlety, Rabelaisian in its robustness, manifesting itself now in a childish prank, now in the keenest satire. She had a fine scorn of the obvious, of pretense, sentimentality, and affectation, and to hear a cant phrase upon her lips was a treat that passes description. The humor of a situation never escaped her, and she could render it with a crude directness of which she alone was master.

She enjoyed life at college in the fullest sense. Study, athletics, friends, all shared her interest. In athletics she won great distinction and was a thorough "sport." It is interesting to note that she was also a "sport" in the matter of study. A conscientious and interested student, she seldom attained the highest marks. Yet she did not regard marks as of no signifi-

cance, or attribute to indolence her failure to get them; in fact, she used to insist that she studied harder than any of us.

When college was over she engaged in social and philanthropic work, slowly, cautiously at first, feeling her way, taking her place in the ranks, never seeking prominence or leadership. She was not long in finding enterprises to support and work to do. Her means, her wisdom, her boundless energy, she devoted to the cause of humanity. Labor, hardship, and danger were of her portion, though she bore them so lightly, so gallantly, that one hardly realized they existed. But let it not be imagined that her life was one of sorrow or renunciation. For her the pleasures and ambitions of the idle rich spelled tedium unutterable. Ease and luxury found her deaf to their appeal. Comradeship, activity, adventure, work,—in the balance with these all other goods had scarcely a feather's weight. These she chose unfalteringly, these she had in fullest measure, and in them she rejoiced and triumphed.

Comfort Worthington Dorsey.

CAROLA WOERISHOFFER

IN MEMORIAM*

Something more than a mere obituary notice is due from the press, at least, in memory of Miss Carola Woerishoffer, who died on September 11, from injuries received in an automobile accident near Binghamton. It is not often that an unqualified tribute can be rendered, without reservation, to one who belonged by right of birth, station and material possessions to another class. But this is one instance when such a tribute can well be written, the one question being as to the manner in which it shall be written, without seeming exaggeration, and yet with simple justice.

Miss Woerishoffer was exceptional in that she came to the working class movement not to teach but to learn, not to direct but to serve, not to command but to obey. She aspired to be, and she was, simply a common soldier in the army of the militant workers. And so well

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* Reprinted from the *New York Call,* New York City, September 24, 1911.

did she live her part that among the host of working women with whom she mingled throughout her various activities, few knew her for other than what she appeared to be. She not only tried to work with and for them, she tried to be one of them, to feel as they did, to see things as they did, that she might be better equipped for the attempt to remedy the conditions from which they suffered.

That was the spirit in which, four years ago, she began her work, and she never lost that spirit. If anything, she became more and more possessed of it. From the beginning she was averse to notoriety or publicity, and this aversion became more marked with her as time went on. It was not a morbid shrinking from public notice. It was merely an instinctive distaste to have exhibited as something extraordinary what was with her natural and spontaneous. She was neither supersensitive, hysterical nor self-conscious. She took joy in what she did, a healthy, youthful, invigorating joy, for she felt that she was doing something that might be of some fine, joyous use in the world.

Of her actual activities it would be impossible to make a record. It is impossible even to suggest them, for the simple reason that they would appear so improbable as to invite skepticism. Her innate passion for adventure led her into strange ways and places, and no one but herself was ever to know what she undertook in order to learn the actual facts of working-class life. Whatever she did, she did without ostentation—noiselessly, vigilantly and thoroughly.

For instance, during one entire summer, that of 1909, from June to October, when those who could afford it were gladly leaving the heated city, she remained behind and worked in laundries so as to acquire information for use by the Consumers' League. She went from laundry to laundry, staying long enough in each place to learn what she wanted, working for the same wages as other women and at all kinds of labor, unsuspected by employers and workers alike, doing from choice what other women were compelled to do from necessity. Only in one place was she suspected of not being a regular working woman.

There a girl walked up to her one day and asked her: "What are you doing here? You don't talk like one of us." Later, Miss Woerishoffer presented the information thus collected before the Wainwright Commission on Workmen's Compensation, on behalf of the workers in laundries, and to show the hazardous character of their employment.

She was fortunate in the possession of a remarkable physical constitution, and this enabled her to undergo hardships and to invite experiences that would have daunted a person of ordinary physique. She had never been ill a day in her life, she had an infinite capacity for labor, and she was oblivious to the ordinary demands for rest and sleep. Her physical endurance was practically unlimited, and she gave of it unsparingly and yet without recklessness. She had learned to conserve her strength, and there was deliberation in all that she did. She came through her summer's work in the laundries as fresh and vigorous as when she started. She enjoyed it, she said.

Not many people outside of her immediate circle knew that she was one of the main-

springs of the Women's Trade Union League in the great shirtwaist strike of the winter of 1909-1910. Even the girl strikers themselves hardly knew. But she was at work all the time, giving her energy and time as freely and as quietly as she gave her money whenever and wherever it was most needed.

As I have already said, she never assumed to give orders, but rather stood ready to receive them. At the commencement of the strike, she was deputized to attend the Police Court and look after the girl pickets who were being arrested and brought there. A more disagreeable place for one of any sensitiveness to degradation and suffering could not very well be selected, but she never hesitated. She went there and stayed every day right through the strike, taking care of the girls, directing them where to go and what to do, going their bail and saving them from innumerable impositions and hardships. And at the end of the strike she declared she thought she had had the best job of any one.

One incident that occurred during the strike was characteristic of her. For a while

the magistrates accepted cash bail for arrested pickets, but later refused to recognize anything but real estate. Miss Woerishoffer was surprised one night when this decision was put into effect. It happened that none of her money was invested in real estate, but the next night she turned up with the deed of a piece of property for which she had negotiated during the intervening twenty-four hours, and thereafter the magistrates had no excuse for rejecting her on any striker's bail.

She continued to act as bondsman for the Ladies' Waist Makers' Union when the strike was over. During my service as manager of the union last winter we had occasion to call upon her frequently to go to the Night Court and bail out some striking union member. And she never failed to appear, no matter at what hour we notified her she was wanted. She made us understand that she would come regardless of the hour, and it was not unusual, both during the strike and after, for her to get out of bed at a late hour in answer to a summons. There was no grumbling about it. She never questioned the necessity or the wis-

dom of a summons or of an order from any responsible official with whom she worked. She was always "on the job."

I think that phrase expresses it as well as anything could. She was always "on the job." As another instance: The morning after the Triangle Waist Company disaster, she was one of those who went out as visitors to the homes of the victims to procure information for relief. She was at work all day and into the night.

That day the union decided to open its relief fund. The call was drawn up and, for public effect, several members of the Women's Trade Union League were sent out to obtain indorsements to the call from prominent people. I was entrusted with its issuance to the daily papers. Reports of indorsements were made to me at the Rand School. At the last moment almost it was thought that the first public announcement of the fund should be headed by a substantial sum from some organization or individual. The union office was closed and nothing could be done there.

Then some one suggested, "Call up Miss Woerishoffer."

"What, at this hour?" I said—it was nearing midnight.

"That makes no difference. She won't mind—call her up."

I did so. A maid answered. Miss Woerishoffer had retired. "Never mind, then," I said. "Wait a moment," said the maid, "what do you want with her?" I explained. "Oh, that's different," declared the maid. "Wait a moment."

Shortly Miss Woerishoffer came to the telephone. It was too late, she said, to do anything to-night, of course, but she would be at the office in the morning.

Next morning when I reached the office she was there waiting for me. I thought I was early, but she was earlier. She arose as I came in, and as we shook hands she put a roll of bills into mine. "That's the best I could do this morning," she said; "please don't give my name—just say, collected by C. W., if anything." Before I could reply she was gone. The roll contained $505.

A newspaper, in a report of her death, stated that she appeared once at the Legislature "fashionably attired." Nothing could be farther from the truth. This was an invention of an imaginative reporter. She always dressed simply and neatly with clothes of a quiet, dark material. In this she was as unostentatious as in all her actions. She was the last person in the world to attract attention to herself, and she had the rare faculty of doing unusual things without pretension or affectation. Of no one could it ever be more truthfully said that she was absolutely devoid of self-seeking or desire for personal glory.

She was wealthy, and she used her wealth as it is seldom used, even by those of braver pretensions. She gave unsparingly to projects that she considered of positive social value. She was not a philanthropist. She abhorred philanthropy as it is commonly practiced. She was interested in constructive social work as a means to an end, not as the end in itself. If she assisted individuals it was indirectly and in a way that evaded charity and relieved the

individual from being an actual recipient of charity. How much she gave to organizations will probably never be known. From the time she joined the Women's Trade Union League, three years ago, she gave much financial aid to the important work of organizing the working women of New York. She asked nothing in return but the opportunity of doing whatever the officials wanted her to do, and they soon found that the merest drudgery was welcome to her, and she deemed it a privilege to do it.

In every respect, then, this young woman, for she was only twenty-six years old when she died, was unique, stereotyped as the word may appear. She not only, by force of will and firm determination, dissociated herself from her own class and put from her all that association with that class means to young and wealthy women, but in doing so she undertook to do a valuable concrete work in the world under circumstances in which she found increasing satisfaction and ever-impelling enthusiasm. There was no benign condescension about it, no assumption of superiority, no

striving for brief and ephemeral press notoriety and superficial public adulation. The very simplicity and sincerity of her character precluded all thought of that. She had her work to do and she did it. And she was the last one to have it thought she was doing anything that anyone else could not do with the same opportunities she had.

She met her death while making a tour of the labor camps of New York State, a work which had taken the entire summer and for which she had been appointed a special investigator for the Bureau of Immigration of the State Department of Labor. That she should, in her last words, have expressed regret that she could not live to do all that she had planned as "there was so much to be done," was a revelation in itself of her devotion to and concentration upon a life of usefulness to humanity. She had only begun her work, and the possibilities for usefulness were inestimable.

She did not deserve to die so soon—the working women's movement did not deserve to lose her. That such as she should meet such

a fate at such a time comes in fresh confirmation of how inexplicable life is.

WILLIAM MAILLY.

EDITORIAL

IN THE

NEW YORK EVENING POST

September 12, 1911

To say that State and city have suffered heavily in the death, by an automobile accident, of Miss Carola Woerishoffer may seem to some of our readers an exaggeration. This young woman was but twenty-five years of age, her name was not widely known, and the fact of her wealth, interesting as it was, did not make her altogether exceptional in this city of riches. And yet we would not modify our statement an iota. Miss Woerishoffer inherited with wealth a rare appreciation of the public responsibilities which morally go with large means. Of unusual ability, she early devoted herself to questions affecting the working people, not merely by theoretic study, but actually by going among them and sharing their burdens. Thus, she was ready and

willing to work in laundries to learn the condition of women workers in them. To the idle rich of Newport or Fifth Avenue such a course would doubtless not only smack of the plebeian, but seem positively vulgar. Indeed Miss Woerishoffer must have puzzled all of them. Able, if she chose, to figure largely in the press that deals with personalities, in the rôle of heiress and sister to a countess, to frequent balls and "functions" and have her box at the opera, she actually preferred the humble work of a State inspector of labor, and it was in this that she was engaged when the fatality occurred. To our minds, Miss Woerishoffer had already rendered distinguished service in the warfare of humanity. Her shining example should influence many another to follow in her footsteps.

EDITORIAL

IN

THE NEW YORK TIMES

September 15, 1911

A PRACTICAL ALTRUIST

The late Miss Carola Woerishoffer represented, in a high degree, the altruistic spirit so rarely manifested, as it seems, in a commercial era. The history of her short career would be an interesting study of practical ethics, and an important one too. She was born to wealth, was young and highly connected in the social world. Yet she chose to be a worker for the good of others, and the practical use to which she applied her uncommon talent for altruistic service is what made her career so remarkable. She did not content herself with the bestowal of alms, or even seek the direction of charitable institutions. On the contrary, she worked in order to learn something at first hand of the pains and burdens of the

working people, and she obtained, in the regular way, through civil service examination, an appointment as special Inspector of Labor under the Bureau of Industries and Immigration. Her services in this post of small distinction and much hard work were, we believe, invaluable.

At the time of her death she was investigating the camps and small communities of alien laborers in various parts of the State. She had worked in this way for ten months, when she was killed in an automobile accident, and had expended her own money freely but wisely to relieve destitution and sickness. Beyond the comparatively small salary attached to her office, there was no possibility of reward. Her services were among the lowly, and through them she was not likely to acquire fame. But she found the required outlet for her unusual gifts, and her compensation was that she could feel she was doing good in a practical way. She was indeed a practical altruist, and her death is a loss to the community.

MINUTE

ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE

TRUSTEES OF

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, held January 19, 1912, the following minute was adopted, and was directed to be spread on the records, to be sent to the Faculty of Bryn Mawr College, to the Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr College, and to Mrs. Woerishoffer, as an expression of sympathy in her bereavement:

The Board of Directors has learned with deep regret of the death of Carola Woerishoffer, a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, in the twenty-seventh year of her age, and wishes to place on record its high appreciation of her qualities of mind and heart which make her a strong influence for good among her fellow-students in Bryn Mawr College, a power for

righteousness in her home, in the City and State of New York, and would have made her, had she lived to reach the full development of her wonderful personality, an ideal citizen of our republic.

The Board of Directors further wishes to place on record its opinion that it is an encouragement to the Board in its work for Bryn Mawr College, and a happy augury for the future of the College, that Carola Woerishoffer received her preparation for service at Bryn Mawr.

During her lifetime Carola Woerishoffer gave abundant proof of her loyalty and devotion to her Alma Mater by generous expenditure of time and money to improve the material equipment and broaden the scholarly work of the College. By her noble generosity after her death she stands next to its founder in giving the college power to improve the quality of its teaching and extend its influence for good. Through her great gift the future of the college she loved is assured.

The Board of Directors wishes to include in this minute the expression of its full

approval of the action of the Board of Trustees, at its annual meeting, held December 1, 1911, in regard to the legacy of Carola Woerishoffer, to wit:

Attention was called to the bequest of Carola Woerishoffer by the Third Item in her Will, which reads as follows:

"THIRD: I bequeath unto the Trustees of Bryn Mawr College, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania, the sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

On motion, the Treasurer, Asa S. Wing, was authorized on behalf of the Trustees of Bryn Mawr College to receive and receipt for the above bequest. The Treasurer was also authorized to attach the corporate seal to a copy of this minute.

On consideration of the above, it was, on motion, unanimously decided that the principal sum, when received, be set aside as a permanent endowment, to be known as "The Carola Woerishoffer Endowment Fund," and the income thereof only to be spent for such collegiate purposes as this body, or its Board of Directors, may from time to time direct;

and to place on record its sense of deep responsibility in administering the Carola Woerishoffer Endowment, its full recognition that such a gift from such a donor carries with it a binding obligation to use it for the highest

good of the College, and its satisfaction that Carola Woerishoffer has been commemorated by the setting apart of this legacy, under the name of the Carola Woerishoffer Endowment, so that her name may always be associated with her gift to Bryn Mawr College.

The Board of Directors directs that, in order further to perpetuate her life as a student and her public work after graduating from Bryn Mawr College, a room in the College Library shall be set aside for the use of students in her chosen field of work, economics and social service, equipped with books on these subjects, and named the Carola Woerishoffer Memorial Room, and that the offer of Mrs. Woerishoffer to furnish this room with the furniture of the study used by Carola in her New York home be gratefully accepted; and that a special bronze tablet be placed in the cloister of the library, commemorating her gifts to the College and the achievement of her brief life of public service, in order that her name may forever be honored by Bryn Mawr College.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS

OF

GREENWICH HOUSE

For three summers Carola Woerishoffer made Greenwich House her home. As a second home she always regarded it.

For over three years she was a member of our Board of Managers. In this capacity she bestowed upon Greenwich House the fruits of her rare qualities—her single-mindedness, her sagacity, her untiring energy. No one else in recent years has done so much to develop the work of Greenwich House. She wanted our Settlement to be of the greatest service to the neighborhood and to the community at large, and had far-reaching plans for strengthening its influence. The reorganization of the past year was but a part of a comprehensive design.

Her generosity was boundless, yet her other qualities so overshadowed her generosity that

her gifts were the least of her contributions. She was one of the romantic figures of our age —a knight-errant of industrial democracy, without fear and without reproach, seeking opportunities to protect the weak, never hesitating to oppose the powerful. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That in devotion to work that is plain and values that are real, the memory of Carola Woerishoffer be here forever after honored. Be it also

Resolved, That a special memorial committee be appointed to erect in Greenwich House a bronze tablet in honor of Carola Woerishoffer, and to take such other steps as shall seem suitable to perpetuate her memory. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered on the minutes of this Society, be printed in its annual report, and be forwarded to Mrs. Woerishoffer.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE

WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE

In the death of our fellow-member, Carola Woerishoffer, the Women's Trade Union League has lost not only an officer of great value, but a worker and friend whom it can never replace.

It was through her own strength and as an individual counting only for what she could give in the way of personal service that she took her place in the movements which stood for progress.

It was through a desire as deep and strong as her nature to count for no more and for no less than her true value, that she disconnected herself from her great wealth and placed it without the knowledge of others at the service of the people.

It was not by chance, but in keeping with her strong character that she chose among her many services to organized labor to stand by

the most courageous and militant of the workers, who risked in their struggle the aggressions of the Courts.

It is in our inadequacy to meet the spirit of her life that we

Resolve to appoint a committee to consider and report on ways and means by which the League may perpetuate through action, in behalf of the organization of working women, the purposes of her life; also that

We appoint a committee to confer with other organizations with which she was actively connected to arrange for the holding of a memorial meeting which may in some slight measure bring to a realization her social significance. Further we

Resolve to forward a copy of these resolutions to her mother as an expression of our sympathy in her great loss.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE EXECUTIVE BOARD

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON CONGESTION OF POPULATION

Resolved, The Congestion Committee has lost a devoted friend, who from the time the Congestion Exhibit was planned gave generously time, interest, and money to the furtherance of the work of the Committee.

We pause to do honor to the gracious memory of Carola Woerishoffer. It is an honor that our hearts allow and our enthusiasm compels. It shows the deference that age owes to youth with its glowing ideals, the honor that elders pay to a young soldier fallen in the front of the battle.

Hers was a gallant citizenship, and that rare and precious thing, a special training devoted to the largest public service.

She chose her field of work with fearless independence—and labored in it with the se-

curity of conviction, in the spirit of that love that seeketh not its own, not asking, but rather seeking to escape, our praise.

The best of what we lost, we have, an inspiring example of devoted service.

EXTRACT FROM THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

BUREAU OF INDUSTRIES AND IMMIGRATION

OF THE

NEW YORK STATE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR

The Bureau has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Miss Carola Woerishoffer, a special investigator who came into the service in the belief that she could be of most use here to the working people. Her contributions to the administrative work, her relief of the many helpless injured people she found in the course of her duties, were not more noteworthy than the splendid courage she showed in gathering information, her frank and fearless statement of the facts as she found them, her untiring devotion to the ideals of the work, and her singleness of purpose. The State has had no enrolled soldier who has responded to every

call more promptly, who has performed the duties set him more unflinchingly, or who has given his life more utterly on the field of battle than she in the cause in which she believed.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE

NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR LABOR LEGISLATION

Resolved, That it is the sense of the Executive Committee of the New York Association for Labor Legislation that through the tragic death of Miss Carola Woerishoffer on September 11, 1911, this Association sustained an irreparable loss. As an active member of the Executive Committee, well informed in regard to labor conditions throughout the State, eager to improve the position of wage-earners, and yet alive to the practical obstacles to be overcome, Miss Woerishoffer was of constant service in helping to direct the work of the Association. Her unusual qualifications for this work were so highly appreciated that at the time of her death the plan of offering her the position of Secretary of the Association was being seriously considered.

Resolved, That this resolution be spread upon the minutes, and that a copy of it be communicated to Mrs. Anna Woerishoffer.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE GOVERNING BOARD

OF THE

CONSUMERS' LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY

The death of Carola Woerishoffer has removed from the Consumers' League a most loyal and valuable member. She was ever ready to give of her personal service and no task was too trying. The assistance which she rendered to the working women of the City of New York, by her investigation through the Consumers' League, can never be forgotten.

Because the Governing Board of the Consumers' League feels deeply her loss it has been resolved to embody this expression of regret in the minutes and to send it with hearty sympathy to her family.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE

TAYLOR IRON AND STEEL COMPANY

Whereas, We, the Directors of the Taylor Iron and Steel Company, have learned with inexpressible regret of the sudden death of our late associate, Miss E. C. Woerishoffer, whereby we suffer great loss: Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby place on record our grief and express our tribute to the many estimable qualities which Miss Woerishoffer possessed. Perhaps her most remarkable characteristic was her fortitude, although in addition thereto she had a very unusual capacity for, and wide interest in, business affairs. Her acumen and keen sense of justice, together with good judgment, made her a valuable member of our Board. She was unspoiled by fortune, and it seemed to us that she was destined for a career of very marked achievement and great usefulness. Be it further

Resolved, That with respect and admiration we extend to her bereaved mother our sincere condolences, and that this resolution be spread in full upon the minutes.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT

OF THE

WOMAN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE

1911-1912

Carola Woerishoffer came to the League during its days of obscurity. There was no one or nothing to advertise it except that for which it stood. There were few, very few workers, and fewer contributors. It was in the fall of 1908 that she came into the office for the first time. In her direct way she said: "I want to join the League if I can do any work." The day following her notice of election to membership she enclosed, without comment, a check for five hundred dollars, with her membership bill for one dollar.

She had money as well as strength to give. It was evident to her that the League needed both, so without waiting to be asked she gave both. Six months later when the Finance Committee was facing the necessity of a League house and the impossibility of meeting

the rent of a house, in the locality which the work demanded, she startled the committee with the assurance that she would meet the rent of twenty-seven hundred dollars of the much desired house on Twenty-second Street. What she gave in relief for the striking shirt-waist makers no one will ever know. Her long weeks of contact with them gave her the opportunity to give personally.

When it developed during the strike that a bondsman was needed more than all else, through the co-operation of her mother, she secured real estate amounting to seventy-five thousand dollars and bonded several hundred girls whom she had never known. The amount of bonds ranged from fifty to two thousand dollars. She was impressed with the loss of force in efforts to raise money to meet sudden emergencies, especially in times of strikes. Through a member of the League she anonymously contributed ten thousand dollars as a foundation of a strike or emergency fund. It was not known until after her death that she gave the money nor would it have been known had she lived.

She started the relief fund for the Triangle Fire sufferers with a contribution of five hundred dollars. She anticipated all requests for contributions. The one contribution she was asked to make by the League to help out a union she answered the next morning in person before the office doors were open.

She gave as a matter of course because she had it to give and others had not, but her mind was bent on contributing herself, her own time and strength. Work was what she believed in and relied on. Her capacity for work was insatiable. She served her time on the Label Committee, visiting numberless stores for the introduction of the union label, she distributed label literature and did any routine work the Committee asked. She gladly spent days in the League office on clerical work. She districted the membership. She compiled a list of books on women in industry and on trade unions. The former was published by the American Academy of Political Science, and reprints are kept on

hand at League headquarters for distribution and reference.

She was employed as an investigator for the State Bureau of Immigration at the time of the Triangle Fire. She secured the permission of the Bureau to co-operate with the League in obtaining from the survivors of the fire evidence as to responsibility. None of her co-workers realized the suffering she endured while collecting the evidence in that terrible tragedy. Her work during the shirt waist strike will never be forgotten. She not only freed several hundred arrested strikers through her bond, but during eleven weeks, every day of which was spent in court, she gave them instruction and confidence. Her instructions were invaluable, for according to her thorough way of doing things she became in a short time an expert in the red tape of police court procedure. An incomparable quality was her reliability. When she undertook to do a thing she never left it until she had done all that was possible for her to do, or all that the situation required. If she could avoid it she would leave no opportunity open

for expressions of gratitude. Of her court work she frequently said to the League secretary during the strike: "How was it you gave me the best of all the work in the strike?"

She was a stimulating member of the Executive Board. She considered each question as it arose on its merits, always scorning sentimental valuations in her eagerness to get at realities.

At the end of the six months after her fatal accident the sense of her presence is still as strong with the active League members as it was during her life. Never entirely can the League lose the force of her contact. No one can ever fill her place.

921 GENERAL LOAN COLLECTION
W82b

OREGON STATE LIBRARY
SALEM

RULES GOVERNING MAIL ORDER LOANS

Books loaned through local or traveling libraries are subject to the rules governing them.

No charge for books.—The books circulated by the State Library are free to all citizens of Oregon who will agree to observe the rules of the library and pay transportation charges both ways on books loaned. Shipment is made by mail or express and all prepaid charges must be remitted upon receipt or return of package. Acknowledgment of receipt is requested.

Borrowers.—Adults not previously registered as borrowers should apply through librarian of local public or traveling library, school officers or principal, county school superintendent, member of the Legislature, officers of the local grange or other permanent organization, or give reference to some state officer located in Salem. Minors must obtain signature of local librarian or school principal.

Number of Volumes.—Any reasonable request for books will be granted if applicant wishes them for study or research work, and books are not needed elsewhere. Loans of fiction will be limited to two volumes at one time.

Time Kept.—Books must be received at the State Library within 21 days from date of loan. They may be renewed for two weeks upon request as long as needed for study, unless reserved for other borrowers. Date upon which books will be due in the library is given on notice of shipment. Some books will be issued for shorter period and may not be renewed.

Groups of books for clubs and libraries are loaned for longer periods.

Fines.—A fine of two cents a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. No book will be loaned to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed.

Lost and Injured Books.—Borrowers are held responsible for books and are required to pay for lost and injured volumes. Number of pieces loaned is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

Books must be kept clean, must not be marked and corners of leaves must not be turned down.